LOOKING FORWARD

PEOPLE who are not interested in politics except in Presidential years and who feel even then that the questions at issue don't make much difference, are now drawing their third successive sigh of relief. The tumult and the shouting are over, the newspapers will have to print something other than political speeches which have a suspiciously familiar sound, discussion of prohibition may not be encountered every evening and in every magazine, and life may become a little more normal and interesting again.

TO ALL of which the Outlook says, Amen. Constant discussion of family problems usually become a bore to even the best of parents. Some diversion and outside entertainment is wanted no matter how vital are the questions which must be decided at home.

FOR THIS REASON the Editors propose to cast their eye abroad and around in this coming six months, lest the discussions under the family roof become too acid and narrow as to shut out the vastly interesting affairs which are going on around us.

IN PURSUANCE of this idea, we are glad to report that a recent letter from Rebecca West tells us that she is making a trip to the Mediterranean and we may expect from her a series of Italian sketches. Also a new human interest serial is in prospect after the first of the year to take the space now occupied by Mr. Merz's excellent record of the prohibition experiment. More, a great variety of pieces upon Russia, Lindbergh, Al Capone and other divers personalities and activities impend, to add entertainment and interest, to the main questions of unemployment and crime which still must be discussed around the family lamp.

OUR VIEWS in the outcome on November 4 are set forth in the editorial entitled "The Results of the Election." We confess to a cheerful feeling.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

November 12, 1930

The Trend of Events

In New York

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, of New York, stands squarely in line for the Democratic nomination for President. No one who notes his smashing, 720,000-vote plurality can doubt it. Mr. Roosevelt not only piled up the enormous plurality of 557,000 votes in New York City; he actually came down state with 165,000 lead over his Republican opponent, Charles H. Tuttle. This is something new in New York's history. So too is the extent of Mr. Roosevelt's victory throughout the state. Until November 4, 1930, the largest plurality ever given a candidate for governor was 385,000, the figure by which Smith defeated Miller in 1922.

Tammany, of course, came through for Roosevelt according to schedule. But Tammany does not wholly explain the size of the Roosevelt vote in New York City. Certainly it does not explain Mr. Roosevelt's lead outside Tammany's sphere of influence.

Mr. Tuttle's campaign proved to be as feeble as it looked. Not that he did not have a good issue. He simply failed to make the most of it. Corruption in New York City is quite as serious as Mr. Tuttle asserted. As Mr. Tuttle asserted again, Mr. Roosevelt, anxious for Tammany's support, seemed more inclined to meet Mr. Tuttle's charges with counter-charges than to demand a prompt and thorough housecleaning. The Governor's explanation that he would act on the Tammany scandals only when presented with "specific evidence as to official misconduct" can have satisfied no one.

But against this was the weakness with which Mr. Tuttle presented his case. Against this was the public's faith in Mr. Roosevelt's honesty, was the public's approval of Mr. Roosevelt's fine record, was the public's confidence that after election day he would stimulate the housecleaning which during the campaign he seemed rather to tolerate than to encourage. Against this was the fact that Mr. Tuttle had but one issue, while Mr. Roosevelt could and did discuss the state's business intelligently and in detail. Against all this, finally, was the prevailing distrust of the New York Republican party's record on prohibition. As former Governor Smith has pointed out, that record has been one long series of ducks and dodges. Even this year, after nominating the wet Tuttle for governor, the party threw a sop to the drys by naming State Senator Baumes, with his long dry record, for lieutenant-governor. The gesture proved futile. Bone-dry Republicans supported not Tuttle, but the independent candidate Robert P. Carroll. Yet even had the entire Carroll vote gone to Tuttle, the wet Roosevelt would have won with a half million majority.

Mr. Roosevelt's course on the Tammany scandals proved to be good state politics. For him to continue on that course might be bad national politics. As things look today, only too great friendliness towards Tammany can keep the presidential nomination away from him in 1932.

In Illinois

THE RACE FOR Senator in Illinois was in many respects similar to the race for governor in New York. As in New York, there were in Illinois three candidates, the Republican, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, the Democratic, James Hamilton Lewis, and the dry independent Republican, Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill. As in New York, the Democrat won a decisive victory in rural Republican as well as in urban Democratic districts. As in New York, even if the Republican candidate had received all the dry candidate's votes, the result would still have been onesidedly Democratic.

Mrs. McCormick in Illinois suffered a staggering defeat comparable to Mr. Tuttle's in New York. Like Mr. Tuttle, she may attribute it in no small part to her record and her party's record on prohibition. Mr. Lewis is a dripping wet who stands squarely for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mrs. O'Neill, whose votes were hardly worth counting, is as dry as a cracker. Mrs. McCormick sought to find a happy medium by declaring with her party that she would obey the result of a prohibition referendum. Pussyfooting of this kind made no appeal to Illinois, which, as the referendum showed, is as wet as the Atlantic Ocean. The outcome speaks for itself. A staunchly Republican state which never before elected a Democratic Senator by popular vote has given Mr. Lewis a half-million plurality.

Just as the Tammany organization in New York City plugged for Roosevelt, so the Thompson organization in Chicago plugged for Lewis, to whom Big Bill suddenly switched before election day, despite his support of Mrs. McCormick in the primaries. But, just as Tammany's influence failed to explain the colossal majority for Roosevelt, so Thompson's influence utterly failed to explain the enormous majority for Lewis. Indeed it is probable that Thompson's switch had little effect on the outcome, since some of Big Bill's Republican candidates for other offices were buried in the Democratic land-

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slide. Mrs. McCormick's huge primary expenditures—$320,000, including $250,000 from her own pocketbook—were wasted money. Her extremely careful fence walking on prohibition was wasted effort.

▶▶*The Referendums*

NOVEMBER 4 was Get-Rid-Of-Prohibition Day. The exact expense of the wet victory may best be estimated a few months hence, when the returns have been carefully analyzed and all the potential shifters now in office have realized that hereafter they must be wet if they would be politically happy. But it is interesting to note that three states, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, gave their people a chance to vote directly on prohibition and that all three yielded whacking wet majorities. Furthermore, all three sent wets to the United States Senate.

In Illinois, which elected Mr. Lewis, the prohibition referendum contained three questions. The voters were asked whether they favored the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the modification of the Volstead Act or the elimination of the state dry law. The answers were clinchingly wet in each instance.

Massachusetts also decided to repeal its state enforcement act. The wet majority on this question was about a quarter of a million. Besides going wet in the referendum, Massachusetts chose Marcus Aurelius Coolidge, wet Democrat, for Senator in preference to the dry Republican, William M. Butler, and Joseph B. Ely for governor in preference to the dry Republican, Frank G. Allen. Calvin Coolidge's radio endorsement of Mr. Butler and Mr. Allen failed to save them, even in Northampton which went Democratic.

In Rhode Island the voters were asked a catch-question. It was: "The Eighteenth Amendment of the United States—shall it be retained?" No, said 172,000 of Rhode Island's citizens. Yes, said 48,000.

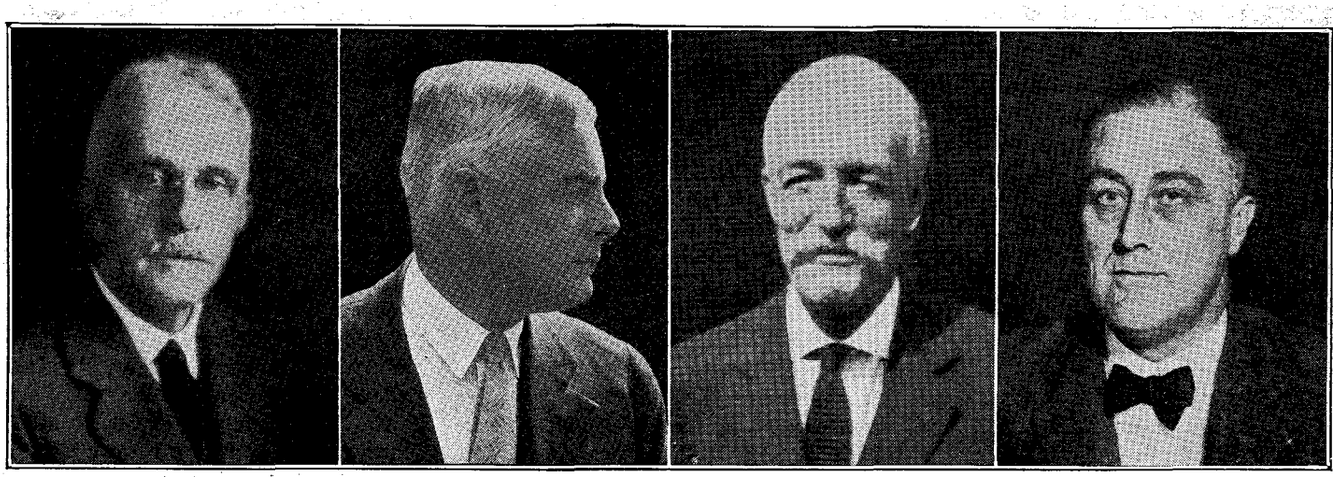
The hard times issue, which together with the prohibition issue wrought such devastation in Republican ranks elsewhere, seemed to have little effect in Rhode Island, a textile state to which hard times are nothing new. At any rate, Rhode Island reelected Senator Metcalf, the Republican candidate, defeating the Democratic candidate for Senator, Peter Goelet Gerry. Though the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment preferred Gerry, it endorsed both him and Metcalf, who a week before election announced that he would abide by the referendum, but that personally he favored the outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Independent wets may therefore be quite as satisfied with the outcome in Rhode Island as with that in Massachusetts and Illinois.

▶▶*In New Jersey and Ohio*

OPPOSED POLITICALLY as are Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey and Robert J. Bulkley of Ohio, wet Senatorial victors, their election may be regarded as part of the succeeding movement against prohibition. Mr. Morrow was the first Republican aspirant for national office to come out flat-footedly for repeal. Defending Mr. Hoover's record, he ran in a Republican state in an admittedly bad Republican year. He won by some 185,000 majority over a Democratic opponent, also wet; a figure approximating the Republican Senatorial victory of 1928. His own force of character, aided by his stand for repeal, completely stemmed the Democratic tide. As a result, he will appear in the Senate not only as the Republican anti-prohibition leader but also as a successful Republican in an off year; and incidentally as one of the best equipped men to enter public life in a generation. His victory is a victory for the whole country.

Considered solely on the basis of political performance, however, the achievement of New Jersey's new presidential hope was no more remarkable than that of the Senator-elect from Ohio. Two years ago Ohio gave Mr. Hoover an 800,000 Republican majority. Since Dr. Fess's victory in 1922, every one of that state's candidates for major office has been bone-dry, no matter what might be his political stripe, so that Ohio has been considered overwhelmingly dry and overwhelmingly Republican.

Mr. Bulkley, running on the Democratic ticket made a vigorous daily speech for repeal a feature of his campaign, crowding the governorship contest into second place. The Anti-Saloon League promptly entered the lists against him, rallying the dry forces and the churches, supporting his Republican opponent, Senator McCullough, in making prohibition the main issue. On Christian Citizenship Sunday, the Protestant pulpits all over the state were brought into play to warn citizens that they would be morally derelict in their duty if they did not defeat the Cleveland lawyer. Even Billy Sunday invaded the wicked cities with sulphurous campaign speeches. To offset this, the Crusaders rallied to Mr. Bulk-



FOUR OF THE WINNERS

Successful gubernatorial candidates: Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, and Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York

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ley's support, aiding the Democratic organization, invading the cities to offset the dry efforts in the country districts.

Result: Bulkley, wet Democrat, by over 150,000.

In Pennsylvania

NOT SO EASY was the course of true temperance in Pennsylvania. Wet Democrats wilt badly in that rock-ribbed Republican stronghold, particularly when stalwarts like Joe Grundy stand by the gubernatorial ticket, be it wet or dry, pleasing or unpleasing to the rank and file of his followers.

Wet associations, liberals, and disaffected machine leaders still smarting over the primary rejection of their candidate, Mr. Brown, did their best to defeat the Republican tradition. Republican wet leaders, particularly in Philadelphia, made good their bolt from bone-dry Mr. Pinchot's standard by delivering the record vote of 339,000 for the wet Democratic senatorial candidate, John M. Hemphill. But their best was not good enough to upset a firmly intrenched organization.

Mr. Pinchot's up-state machine, his popularity with the coal miners and his propaganda setting the country districts against the "wicked city interests" —directed particularly against General Atterbury and the Pennsylvania railroad —carried the day, prohibition or no prohibition, and made the old time progressive Pennsylvania's new governor by some 45,000.

Since the state is usually Republican by over a million in presidential years, and 700,000 in off years, the election to the Senate of Ex-Secretary James J. Davis was run off as usual. Obviously, to expect to elect a Democratic governor, even a wet, against such odds was too much. As it is, the complex Republican fabric of politics in the Keystone State seems badly twisted by the prohibition issue, for the first time in the memory of newspaper reporters. Proof of this: to offset the new dry governor, there will be six new wet Republicans in Congress from Pennsylvania.

In Connecticut

PARTICULARLY UNEXPECTED was the election to the governorship of Connecticut of Wilbur L. Cross, ex-Yale Professor and Democrat. Not only was it the first body blow in years to the long established rule of J. Henry Roraback, Republican boss, but it provided a surprise for Dean Cross's own enthusiastic friends, most of whom, remembering unbroken Republican victories, thought they were throwing their votes away.

Prohibition and the activities of the Roraback machine in Connecticut and Washington were the particular targets of this Democrat's attack, with the business depression a poor third. Instead of Republican answers to his campaign, posters everywhere set forth the long list of business and political achievements of Mr. Roraback's candidate, but left an ominous blank after Mr. Cross's name, followed by the query "Which?"

Even into the rural districts, therefore, journeyed the indefatigable Dean, aged sixty-eight, showing the farmers that a good old time Democrat was not necessarily a follower of the Pope, but instead was a firm believer in good old Democratic doctrines, including states' rights on prohibition. At a late hour J. Henry was reported to be still muttering "But I wouldn't have nominated a professor."

Page Senator Bingham. Connecticut has its first Democratic governor in eighteen years.

Remainders

IN NEBRASKA, that serious warrior, George W. Norris, Republican candidate for Senator, defeated his Democratic opponent, Gilbert M. Hitchcock. Apparently something serious happened to the plans of those Nebraskans who had advertised their intentions of punishing Senator Norris for bolting Mr. Hoover in 1928 and for the denunciations of the "power trust."

In Alabama, poor Tom-Tom Heflin, foe of the Pope and self-styled Jeffersonian, who bolted Smith in 1928 and was himself bolted by his party, was defeated in what he, and he alone, termed one of the most fraudulent elections ever staged in that state. The Senate seat which Mr. Heflin has more than filled since 1920 goes to John H. Bankhead.

In Montana, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, able candidate for reelection, defeated the Republican candidate, Albert J. Galen.

While honest wets were prepared to admit, if necessary, that Senator Walsh won because he was a dry, that does not seem to have been the case. Mr. Walsh apparently won because of the business depression and because he is one of the best minds in the upper house.

In Kansas, assumed to be safely Republican, Henry J. Allen, one of Mr. Hoover's spokesmen in the Senate, was defeated by the Democrat, George Mc-

FOUR MORE

Successful Senatorial candidates: Robert J. Bulkley of Ohio, James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, John H. Bankhead of Alabama, and Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey

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Gill, first successful Democratic candidate for Senator from that state since 1912.

In New York, Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, Republican, retained her seat in Congress from the Seventeenth District, defeating Magistrate Brodsky, Democrat, and Heywood Broun, Socialist, newspaper columnist, lecturer and author. No Socialist candidate was elected to a national office.

In Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie, Democrat, was elected governor for the fourth time, defeating the Republican, William F. Broening, Mayor of Baltimore.

In Wisconsin, Philip La Follette, younger son, defeated the Democratic candidate for governor, Charles E. Hammersley, by a plurality of three to one. The solid Republican delegation to Congress is solid no longer. Michael K. Reilly, Democrat, was victorious in the Sixth District.

In California, James Rolph, Jr., Republican, who has been mayor of San Francisco for twenty years, was elected governor.

In Delaware, Daniel O. Hastings, dry Republican candidate for Senator, defeated Thomas F. Bayard, wet Democrat. Evidently this was not only a Republican victory, but a dry victory as well.

▸▸*Coupla Gods*

On the brightest of blue-white corners along New York's White Way, in a fine new theatre oozing luxury as it has rarely oozed before, the movie public lolled in Roman comfort, stretched its knees in marvellously broad cross aisles, breathed in special thermostatic controlled air, stared at a huge, luminous dome and a super-sized screen and waited to see the Amos 'n' Andy picture, *Check and Double Check*.

But we understate. Let us turn to the advertisements and see what really was happening:

> "Day of Days! Night of Nights! Hours of Hours! A Breathless World Awaits to Thunder Welcome to Radio's Most Beloved Characters!
>
> Gods of Radio Thunder from the Skies!
>
> Gods of the Radio Sweep to Glory on the Screen!
>
> The Mightiest Show of All the Ages!
>
> The Mightiest Smash of All Time! Fabulous Forces of the Screen United with the Magic of Radio to Produce the Most Unique Entertainment in World History. A Mighty Nation Becomes One Vast Audience."

"A loosely knit, mildly amusing slapstick comedy," said one New York critic, who may not have read the advertisements. "An entertainment strictly in the least inspired manner." "As comedies go it isn't bad," says the Outlook's movie critic, Creighton Peet. But no one can hear for thunder.

"Day of Days! Night of Nights! Dream Characters Dwelling in the Minds of Millions . . . . Illusions Living in the Hearts of the World . . . . Amos 'n' Andy [in case you haven't caught on already] Have Come in Triumph To the Talking Screen."

Radio Pictures

IN ANOTHER MEDIUM
Amos 'n' Andy, radio stars, make their debut in the talkies

▸▸*Beau Geste*

Serge Eisenstein, Soviet cinema director who has just completed a six-month contract with Paramount without shooting a single foot of film, has achieved one of the handsomest gestures ever made toward Hollywood since nose-thumbing went out of fashion. Eisenstein has bought the Russian rights to *Once in a Lifetime*, the devastating Hart-Kaufman dramatic satire on Hollywood now playing in New York, and announced his intention of producing it on the stage in Moscow. A blasting account of movie stupidities, *Once in a Lifetime* is hardly a favorite with the studios Mr. Eisenstein has just been visiting.

The Russian director, a civil engineer and a professor of mathematics as well, achieved world fame some years ago with his film *Potemkin*. More recently he has made *Ten Days That Shook the World* and *The Old and the New*. He denies that he is an artist. "I approach the making of a motion picture in much the same way . . . . as I would the installing of a water system," he says. "My point of view is thoroughly utilitarian, rational and materialistic." Nevertheless, the world insists upon regarding him as one of the few great film directors.

When Eisenstein, with his cameraman and two assistants, arrived in Hollywood six months ago and began to cash repulsive but generous capitalist paychecks, Paramount announced that he had agreed to direct Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. A script was prepared which Dreiser approved, but months went by and the picture was never started. Some say the Russian procrastinated on purpose, others that Paramount feared he would be too realistic. At any rate, last week the contract was "terminated by mutual consent." Eisenstein thereupon went to New York and bought *Once in a Lifetime*, of which he says:

"Believe me, it is underwritten. I have been here for six months on a very big salary and I have, like the author in the play, done nothing. I was on the verge of beginning a production several times, but in every instance there would be a series of conferences, and then, phfftt! everything was off . . . . It is a strange place, this Hollywood . . . . Truth, in this instance at least, is stranger than fiction, and far more absurd."

▸▸*Heavyweight Profits*

That a heavyweight champion might make large sums in short order had been known. Just how long it would take him to make just how much had been known only to a few experts. Then Tim Mara, sports promoter, brought suit against Gene Tunney for approximately $500,000 and the facts regarding a champion's earning power became public property. Tunney holds that Mara was engaged to persuade the New York boxing authorities to permit a Tunney-Dempsey match within their state, with-

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drawing their dictum that Dempsey must fight Harry Wills first. Mara holds that he entered into a verbal contract with Tunney, agreeing to promote the boxer's interests in general and to assist him in securing a match with Dempsey, not necessarily in New York. In return for his services, he says, he was to get ten per cent of Tunney's earnings in the September, 1926, fight with Dempsey at Philadelphia and twenty-five per cent of the earnings thereafter.

The claim runs into money. Tunney's share of the Philadelphia purse was $200,000. During the remainder of the year his income—from movies, advertising, theatrical engagements and newspaper articles—was about $48,000. The following year, 1927, was a humdinger. Tunney got $990,000 for his bout with Dempsey at Chicago, $5,000 for training camp exhibitions, $19,000 from advertisements, $63,000 from theatrical engagements, $75,000 from the movies, $2,000 from the radio and $33,000 from newspaper articles. In 1928, he received $525,000 for his bout with Heeney in New York, $25,000 from the movies and $23,000 from advertisements. Sum it all up and it comes to $1,942,282.04, made between September, 1926, and December 31, 1928, inclusive.

No need to say that Tunney did not put it all in his pocket. One third of his earnings went to his manager, Billy Gibson. A good deal went for a variety of expenses. But, when all the bills were paid, Tunney must have banked a sum larger than any he had ever dreamed of before he began to work for a match with Dempsey, who, incidentally, is supposed to have made $2,500,000 from the championship before Tunney took it away from him.

What's wrong with a civilization which gives Gene Tunney $990,000 for participating in a prize fight, while Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court receives $20,000 a year?

▶▶*Last of the Heroes*

Paris, which three years or more ago went wild over Lindbergh, received her sons, Coste and Bellonte, calmly. Paris cheers from love, not from habit. She cheers, not when she is bidden by press and Premier, but when she is genuinely and spontaneously moved.

In this country it had been different. As Coste and Bellonte rode through the streets of New York, Dallas, Philadelphia, San Antonio and other cities on their expertly organized good-will tour, the crowds roared obligingly. Americans are accustomed to organized roaring. Whether it's a national baker's convention, a centenary of the electric light bulb, a Channel Swimmer's home-coming, or Roast-A-Chestnut-Week—the parade is routed through the business section at the noon hour, the liberated office workers gather cheerfully and the demonstration is impressive.

It is the French reception of the last two celebrated fliers, then, rather than the American, which indicates how far aviation has traveled since Lindbergh decided to leave his kitten at home. In the last few years the ocean has been flown a number of times. East to West or West to East—every one knows, and Frenchmen apparently admit, that flying the Atlantic is largely a matter of luck, weather and motor.

Major Coste stated the case simply and shrewdly. "We were lucky," he said, "to have those two days of fine weather at the beginning of September, for if we had waited another year nobody would have turned out to welcome us anywhere. I think we are about the last of the public's airmen heroes."

▶▶*Flight of the DO-X*

To capture international attention today, it is not enough to fly somewhere. Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Connor were greeted with almost embarrassing silence after their orthodox hop from Newfoundland to England a few weeks ago. Nowadays, to hold the eyes of the world you must fly somewhere in piquant fashion, upside down, let us say, or blindfolded.

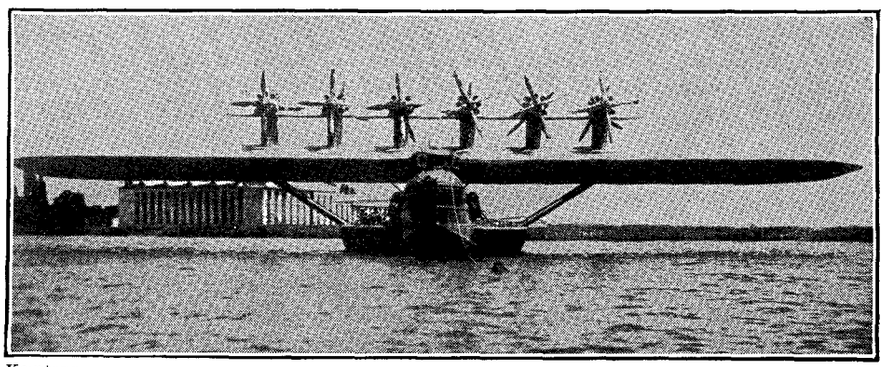
Or perhaps using twelve motors, as the DO-X will do on its flight from Altenrhein, Switzerland, to New York City. There are many interesting aspects to the DO-X flight. The ship, built by Dr. Claude Dornier, is a giant, capable of carrying 169 persons, as it did a year ago on an hour-long flight over Lake Constance, Switzerland. There is something futuristic in the spectacle of a mammoth, three-decked flying boat speeding from Switzerland to New York at about two miles a minute. That, one would think, would certainly stimulate the public's jaded interest in aviation.

But the DO-X isn't going to speed. As announced before she took off from Altenrhein with a crew of twelve, her plans called for stops at Amsterdam, Southampton, Le Havre, Corunna and Lisbon. From Lisbon, if nothing goes wrong, the DO-X will fly to the Azores, then to Bermuda and New York. If anything, including the weather, does go wrong, the flight will be held up until the wrong has been righted. "We have all year to make this trip," says Commander Christiansen, "and we are not going to rush anything."

It is a sensible attitude. It may make the expedition a success. But it will not make people throw up their hats and dance in the streets. In our obedient way, we Americans may turn out to applaud Commander Christiansen when, as and if he arrives in the United States. But let him harbor no over-optimistic illusions. He needn't expect us to make life as miserable for him as we made it for Lindbergh, in those early days of our air-consciousness, 'way back in 1927.

▶▶*Suggestion*

Sir Thomas Lipton is back, as salty and debonair as ever, to attend to business matters and receive the cup which American admirers have subscribed for to console him for losing the race between Enterprise and his Shamrock V. Greeted at the pier by an official delegation, shepherded to his hotel by a police motorcycle escort, America's



Keystone

UNCOMMON CARRIER
Dr. Claude Dornier's DO-X, capable of transporting 169 persons

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favorite loser had his usual store of good-humored sallies and plans for a possible new yacht or a remodelled Shamrock V with which to compete again in 1932.

Sir Thomas can have no doubt of America's affection for him. It is clearly apparent in the $6,000 which has been raised for a consolation prize. Now we commend to him the suggestion offered by F. P. A., columnist on the New York *World*. Here is a chance for a first-rate sportsman to make a first-rate sportsmanlike gesture. Let him give the $6,000 subscribed for the cup to some unemployment relief fund of his own choosing. This would undoubtedly please contributors to the fund. Moreover, it would undoubtedly please Sir Thomas himself, who already has more cups and trophies than any other man alive and whose interest in the unfortunate is indicated by the fact that he once gave $125,000 to feed the poor of London.

Since Sir Thomas left the United States, autumn has greyed into winter and bread lines have lengthened alarmingly. Now election day is over and we have not even the politician's promise that times will soon be easier. Surely the world's most famous sportsman will realize that the winter of 1930 is no time to allow $6,000 to be spent for a cup.

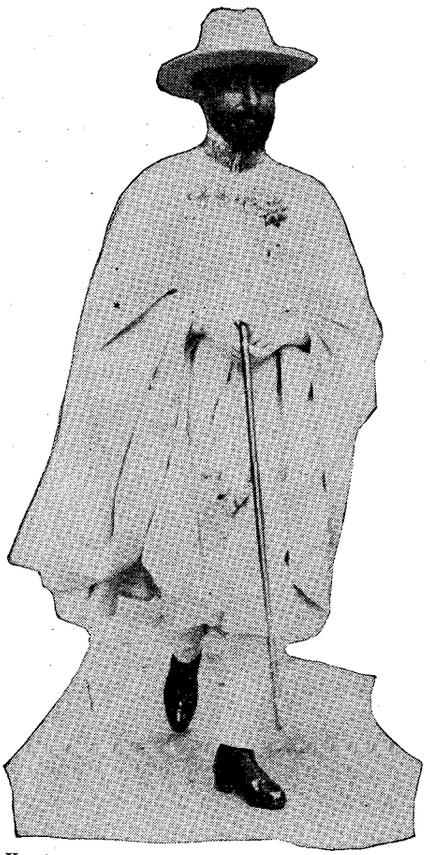
▶▶*Coronation*

THERE is, if we may say so, a right way and a wrong way to do everything. Ras Tafari Makonnen, former Prince Regent, former Negus Negusti, Elect of God, Conquering Lion of Judah and Light of Ethiopia chose the right way to be crowned and proclaimed Emperor Haile Selassie I.

Tafari Makonnen invited delegates from fourteen nations to be present at the ceremonies on November 2. The American delegation, led by H. Murray Jacoby, arrived first, visited the palace in Addis Abeba, was implored to convey His Majesty's best wishes to President Hoover, and spoke of our government's enthusiastic purpose to maintain brotherly relations between the people of Ethiopia and the people of the United States, most of whom, probably, if they wish Ethiopia well, do so without knowing where it is. It is in East Africa.

Soon delegates from other nations were arriving in droves. They were cordially received by native princes, tribal chieftains, government officials and guards of honor armed with rifles, scimitars, spears and shields of hippopotamus hide worked in gold and silver, were greeted by the strains of their national anthems played by specially trained musicians and ate partridges and roast mountain goat off the sovereign's solid gold dinner service, said to be worth, not one, but several fortunes.

These were fitting preliminaries for the coronation of Ethiopia's 336th ruler, putative descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, lord of an empire created, it is said, but ninety-seven



Keystone

HAILE SELASSIE I
Recently crowned Emperor of Ethiopia (Abyssinia)

years after the creation of the world. So too, were the other preliminaries leading up to the hour when the High Priest of the Ethiopian Coptic Church placed upon the heads of Tafari Makonnen and his wife crowns said, by journalists contemptuous of decimal points, to cost one million dollars. It is known that the sovereign spent vast sums on coronation robes, state carriages, triumphal arches, monuments, gifts to visitors and bounties tc native princes. It is known that he spent other sums on celebratory new roads and new buildings, whose progress he supervised in person, riding about in his scarlet Rolls-Royce. Tafari Makonnen knows what is suitable for old Ethiopia and what for young Tafari Makonnen.

▶▶*Politics in Britain*

KING GEORGE V opened Parliament on October 28 with a close-clipped speech from the throne, prepared of course by Premier MacDonald. To Conservatives its outstanding feature was the government's failure to propose adequate measures to deal with industrial depression and unemployment. To radical Laborites it was the failure to advocate the reorganization of society along Socialist lines. To others, it was the single sentence: "A measure of electoral reform will be submitted to you."

Does this mean that Premier MacDonald, in return for Liberal support, has yielded to Lloyd George's demand for a measure which will increase the Liberal party's representation in the House of Commons? If so, the Laborites may stay in power indefinitely, since the Liberals hold the balance of power in Parliament and can hold up or knock down the MacDonald government at will. From this distance, a Liberal-Labor alliance would seem no more than natural. American observers, indeed, may wonder why the bulk of the Liberal party does not go over to the Laborites bag and baggage. The two parties have much in common. The charge of the radical Laborite, James Maxton, that Labor is more Liberal than Socialist strikes foreign observers as a fair hit.

What the fates plainly have in store for Britain is a general election on the protection issue, with much made of the Labor government's failure to relieve unemployment. To date the lines on protection are not sharply drawn. Premier MacDonald, though he hates food taxes and will not put a tariff on wheat, is a less religious free trader than his fellow-Laborite Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden, to whom protection is "a slippery slope that leads to a bottomless pit." Stanley Baldwin, who stands for tariffs on manufactured goods, dodges the demand of his fellow Conservatives in the Beaverbrook-Rothermere group for tariffs even on food. Roughly speaking, however, the Conservatives stand for protection, the Laborites for free trade.

Just now the Conservatives are too badly split to face a general election. This was indicated when a quarter of the party chiefs voted against Mr. Baldwin's leadership and again when a the-

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oretical Conservative, actually a Beaverbrook Empire Crusader, won the October 30 by-election in a Conservative stronghold. So the general election will not come at once. Whether it will come in the next few months may depend on the extent to which Premier MacDonald has purchased Liberal support.

▶▶Kollapse of the Klan

According to a recent news story in the Washington *Post*, the Ku Klux Klan is skidding dizzily toward oblivion. Its membership is estimated at 35,000, a figure which speaks volumes of the decline since the grand days of 1925 when the Kluxers were supposed to number about 9,000,000 and funds rolled into headquarters in freight cars.

Whether the Kluxers are really but 35,000 strong today we do not know. Nor do we know whether they numbered 9,000,000 in their heyday. If they did, if the order founded in Georgia eleven years ago by William Joseph Simmons and promoted by Edward Young Clarke attained this degree of success in five or six years, one can understand why Simmons is eager to imitate the Klan with his new organization, the Caucasian Crusade.

The crusade was launched a few months ago to "perpetuate the white man's distinctive ideals, social supremacy and economic interest in all things." It began with an appeal to "sovereign, upright white men of true blood," to "real, red-blooded white Americans, inside and outside." We suppose that, by this time, thousands of real, sovereign, upright, white men of true red blood, white inside and outside, are on their way, purse in hand, into the new organization, and we suppose that that is nothing to run a temperature about. For, whatever has happened to the Ku Klux membership list, nothing has happened to the Ku Klux state of mind. It is still very much with us, and as long as it persists will find some means of organized expression. The ignorant and the bigoted might as well flock into the Caucasian Crusade as into anything else. Simmons always gave his Kluxers, and doubtless will give his Crusaders, a pretty good run for their money.

▶▶Broadway Clean-Up

The chronic illness of the theatre grew so intense last winter that New York producers decided something had to be done. What had to be done was obvious. Customers who had been driven away by exorbitant prices had to be beckoned back.

In April of this year, therefore, producers representing four-fifths of New York's theatres, co-operating with sixteen accredited ticket brokers, evolved a plan to distribute tickets at reasonable figures. Patrons had grown tired of learning that good seats, unavailable at the box office, might be had only from brokers who had bought up the house for weeks in advance. Hence the theatres promised to put one-quarter of their orchestra seats on sale at the box office, and to allot the remaining three-quarters to accredited brokers who would charge no more than a fixed seventy-five-cent premium.

Though some producers, notably Florenz Ziegfeld and George White, refused to endorse it, this arrangement worked well enough during the summer. Then came cool weather, business picked up and the brokers, apparently without adequate cause, withdrew to sell their tickets for all the traffic—while it lasted—would bear. For a time it looked as if the reform movement were to end disastrously. Had it been a fake, as some believed, no more would have been heard of it. But when the brokers withdrew—four of them have since returned—the producers decided to get along without them. Henceforth, as before, one-quarter of the orchestra seats will be sold at the box office. Three-quarters will be set aside for the few remaining accredited brokers and the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company. Thus a theatregoer has but to telephone a Postal Telegraph office, order tickets for the play he wishes to see and pay a small premium for the service. His tickets will be waiting for him when he reaches the lobby.

The scheme should work well. If it doesn't, another can be developed that will. The important thing is that producers remain sincere in their desire to clean house. If they do not, they will suffer the consequences, for there is no law compelling a man to attend the theatre and no reason why he should when the inconvenience and cost of attending outweigh the pleasure received.

Remarkable Remarks

It is hard to understand why there should be so much unemployment and such business depression in the United States.—Vice-President Charles Curtis.

The Stock Exchange is possibly the only place in the world where customers are discouraged if goods are offered to them at bargain prices.—Alexander Dana Noyes.

The tariff has been revised in accordance with the promise of the Administration to extend the benefits of protection to agriculture. The bill is not free from defects.—Secretary Andrew W. Mellon.

The average Russian and the average American speak a fundamental language and appreciate the same wise cracks.—Alfred P. Sloan.

The Congressman who is personally wet and who votes dry is a surer barometer of the power of public opinion than the man whose own opinions happen to coincide with the sentiment of his district.—Arthur Briggs.

So long as cannon exist, they will be the most beautiful of beautiful things.—Benito Mussolini.

Women are different.—Dr. George A. Dorsey.

Life is full of perplexities.—Prof. William Lyon Phelps.

▶▶Sore Spot

As had been expected, the French government has rejected Britain's suggestion that British subscribers to the French war loans of 1915 and 1916 be paid interest and principal in gold francs. The French have endless reasons to explain why these subscribers should be paid in paper francs. Of these the most important is the fact that gold francs are worth twenty cents, paper francs a little less than four cents, apiece.

French officials protest that, if Britain's claim were admitted, all other holders of French government securities, including Frenchmen themselves, would put in similar claims. They point out that in the prospectuses of the issues in question no reference was made to any definition of the franc other than that which governs in all public and private business. France, they say, cannot admit the existence of two standards for the franc, one gold and one paper. The franc is the franc and has a universal value at law, defined by the state. To grant the British claim, they declare, would spell financial ruin, would nullify the whole fiscal and economic effort made by France in recent years. About

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twenty billion francs, more than half the French budget, goes for interest on the public debt. Let interest be paid on a gold basis and the figure would jump to one hundred billion francs, more than twice the current estimated revenue of the French Treasury. And besides, they add, the French loans were floated to secure a victory for the Allies as well as for France.

The British government greets this array of protests contemptuously. Aggressive Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden makes wounding references to countries which repudiate four-fifths of their national debts. In all likelihood the controversy will be carried to the World Court or to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Meanwhile it remains one of the sorest of the many sore spots in Anglo-French relations.

▶▶*Five-cent Sensation*

With the affairs of the twelfth-largest cathedral in the world piling up on his desk, Dean Inge of St. Paul's in London made a careful study of the portraits of Henry VIII and his children and found that Queen Elizabeth did not look like the rest. This, apparently, is the sole basis for his statement in the *Eugenics Review* that he does not believe Elizabeth "had a drop of Tudor blood in her veins" and that England's greatest queen may therefore have been no rightful queen at all but the daughter of "the flighty Anne Boleyn and some person unknown." He points out that Anne was a lady of light loves, that at least five of her supposed lovers, in fact, were executed by Henry VIII, who was somewhat huffy about the matter. And that Elizabeth's lack of resemblance to Henry VIII is therefore just cause for suspicion.

Dean Inge enjoys making statements which strike nice old ladies as pretty sensational. This one will certainly do no damage. Queen Bess has been the object of too much speculative gossip for one rumor more or less to matter. We agree with Lytton Strachey, Elizabeth's biographer, that want of facial resemblance is scant ground on which to base a charge of illegitimacy. Also that Elizabeth resembled the warm-blooded Prince Hal in character, if not in looks.

But Dean Inge believes that Elizabeth was illegitimate, and that's that. You may have your choice of responses. Try "Tut, tut!" for example, or "What of it?" or—perhaps best of all—"Nonsense."

The Result of the Election

Although the results from the Pacific coast are not clear as we write, out of the tumult and the shouting of November 4 a number of facts emerge too plainly to be disputed by even the most superficial and partisan observer.

First and above all, the old prosperity cry of the Republican party is dead as a door-nail. Prosperity as the peculiar property of any political party is now a discredited claim. Henceforth no Democratic or Republican leader will have the hardihood to revive this slogan.

The inevitable corollary of this, fortunately or unfortunately, is the clear repudiation by the voters of the first year and a half of Mr. Hoover's Administration. As members of an Administration elected mainly on the prosperity issue, with belief in and real enforcement of prohibition as a secondary promise, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Stimson, as well as leading national Republicans, urged voters everywhere to vote the Republican ticket as an expression of confidence in the Administration. That confidence very clearly has been pronounced lacking. No evidence anywhere is visible that the appeal held back the waves. Instead of the reduced Republican majorities which might have been expected in an off year, with general prosperity at a low level, there has been a Democratic landslide. The pendulum has swung almost as far from center as it did two years ago, only this time in the opposite direction. The Democrats are entitled to some rejoicing.

So also are the anti-prohibitionists, Republicans and Democrats alike. Mathematically considered, the gains in Congress are impressive but far from overwhelming. Some thirty new out and out Wets in the House and no great numerical change in the Senate is nothing with which to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Yet, it is a distinct and striking gain, with no loss whatever anywhere; and behind it lies an immense and significant psychological change. The referenda in Illinois, Massachusetts and Rhode Island registered with an increased and telling emphasis the hitherto known opposition of these states, regardless of party, to prohibition. In the Senate, two men of high calibre, Dwight Morrow and Robert Bulkley, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, will take the place of lesser Senators not so emphatically or constructively opposed to Volsteadism. Mr. Bulkley comes from a hitherto Republican state, and owes his election in great part to the added impetus which plain speaking against prohibition gave to his campaign. The one Republican, Mr. Morrow, likewise survived the general Republican debacle, largely owing to his outspoken personality and character as expressed in his clear stand against the Eighteenth Amendment.

To politicians everywhere the handwriting on the wall is large enough and bold enough to be read all the way from Capitol Hill. The era of pussy-footing is over. The anti-prohibition movement is growing. A whole decade of political philosophy is about to end. The wise politician will prepare to change before it is too late. It is not necessary to discuss the amazingly close gubernatorial election in Pennsylvania, with seven new wet congressmen as a by-product. To be finally convinced of the groundlessness of his fears and the danger of his practice, let the congressional dry consider simply the lesson of the election in New York. There the original courage of Al Smith on the prohibition question, carried on by an excellent Governor, Franklin Roosevelt, has resulted finally in the complete victory of a wet Democratic party, the total defeat of the belatedly wet Republican party, and the practical elimination of the state Anti-Saloon League from politics.

Considering the question nationally, it would appear that the Democratic party temporarily has seized the advantage on the prohibition question. Further, that the Republican party, deprived of prosperity, is probably due for a Hoover about-face on prohibition if it is to regain lost ground in 1932. Meanwhile, the country will be the gainer by having Mr. Morrow and Mr. Bulkley in the Senate. It does not suffer intellectually by the return of Mr. Borah and Mr. Walsh. It profits by the elimination of Mr. Heflin. Thirty new wet Representatives will act as a necessary leaven in a House sadly behind the times. And eventually the election of such men as Governor Roosevelt in New York and Dean Cross in Connecticut will bear valuable fruit.

The Outlook is, frankly, immensely encouraged by such a series of results. Leaving out the Republican-Democratic equation, we see the election as representing a great gain for the cause of plain speaking as opposed to pussy-

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footing, of genuine leadership as opposed to lackey statesmanship, of modern commonsense as opposed to outworn political slogans, and, finally, of intelligent liberalism applied to the control of liquor as against a mistaken and impractical idealism forced on the country by unworthy political methods. Editorially, we have no crow to eat. Instead, we have a crow to utter.

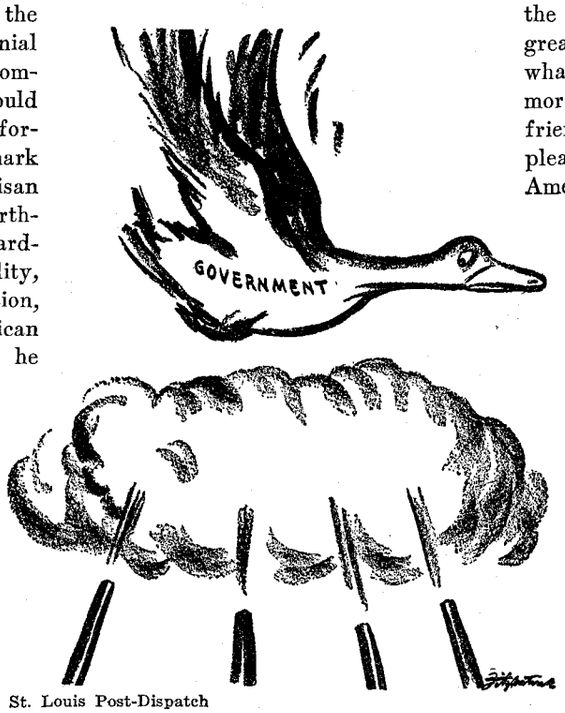
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that Henrik Shipstead, the braw and blonde dentist-Senator from Minnesota, awaits only a favorable moment to slip back into the Republican party. There is, to our mind, more than a passing and personal interest in his prospective desertion of the Farmer Labor camp, although it is the personal phase of his return to genial and human political haunts that commands our chief concern. For should Shipstead, as his friends tell us, formally embrace the elephant, it will mark the end of those various non-partisan movements which blew out of the Northwest after the World War and the Harding deflation. Mr. Shipstead, in reality, is the Farmer-Labor party in the nation, and his submergence in the Republican ranks would inevitably mean that he and his Viking allies, quite like Senator Borah, see more prospect of success for their ventures through boring from within than through independent harassments.

Messrs. Watson, Fess and Moses, we imagine, will give Henrik the glad hand, and welcome as a prodigal son. His conversion may, indeed, compensate for the stunning reverse the Republicans so recently suffered at the polls. To our way of thinking, however, Shipstead will come back as a sinister sinner rather than a converted one. He will, we predict, prove much more dangerous as a party private than he ever could be as the whole Farmer Labor army. Like Borah, Norris, La Follette and their associates, he will have his Republican party and eat it, too.

There will, of course, be a great deal of criticism of the Senator should he seem to recant. We must confess that we cannot share the resentment which is felt by his more ardent Farmer Labor fellows back in his home State. They can hardly be expected to understand the loneliness which a Senator so situated must feel. On Capitol Hill he is assigned to the tail-end of unimportant committees, and his caucus is about as cheering as the confessional box. He has not even a party page or assistant whip to whom he may tell his troubles or ask advice from. On every vote of importance he is besieged and buffeted by the press and politicians until he reveals how he will stand. His is the place and the prominence of a target on a rifle range—useful on occasions but always an object of friendly persuasion or openly hostile criticism.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Open season in South America

There are some men—Representative John Nelson of Wisconsin is one we have in mind—who would thrive and prosper in such a state. But not Mr. Shipstead. He happens to be a gorgeous and gregarious animal. He has been, and still is, so far as we know, the lion of Alice Longworth's Massachusetts Avenue salon. He is much sought out by the social leaders and their dowagers, and not, as is so often true, in an effort to win his vote through an appeal to his vanity or taste for tidbits. We know of many occasions when, to his credit, he has broken bread and patties at fashionable homes, and lined up against his hosts on truly important questions before it was time for the next meal.

So that if Mr. Shipstead returns to Republicanism, let it be recorded here that it is not because he is hungry for patties or patronage, but because he is lonesome. He is, more than Herbert Hoover was when he decided that he, too, was a Republican, our present-day prodigal son of national politics.

We cannot find the heart to criticize these individuals who, every so often, succumb to the pangs of lonesomeness, and surprise us by consorting with their despised Old Guard. Unlike most of our fellows, we cannot regard Mr. Borah as a "trimmer" and a "false alarm" when he shocks us by stringing along with the stalwarts. It is a lonely life the great Senator from Idaho lives, and what we see on those occasions is no more than evidence of human frailty and friendlessness. It is, we imagine, no pleasure for such a distinguished American as Mr. Borah, simply because he did his duty as he conceived it, to be shunned and slighted by Chief Justice Hughes, as we hear he has been, when their paths cross in Congressional corridors.

Senator Norris, of course, falls into an entirely different category. To him his exile is a sort of self-imposed and satisfactory martyrdom. The Nebraskan, we happen to know, has shoved aside friendly hands when they were offered, and he has looked upon erstwhile Progressives like Judge William Kenyon as "lost angels" for feeding from the hand they used to bite. The two ancient allies are now good friends, we are glad to hear, but Kenyon's acceptance of a federal judgeship estranged them for many years. To our mind, Senator Norris would be a more effective individual if he thought more in terms of men than martyrdom.

Though it is not generally known, or even suspected, Vice-President Curtis has discovered that it is always lonely at the top. His old poker and racetrack pals have fallen away since he became Vice-President and began to press his pants as well as polish his shoes. The tailor and the bootblack, we suspect, have robbed him of his human appeal. Hiram Johnson we must rank on our lonesome list, but his native instinct for loneliness deprives him of our sympathy; like Norris, he would be positively unhappy if he had any close friends.

A. F. C.

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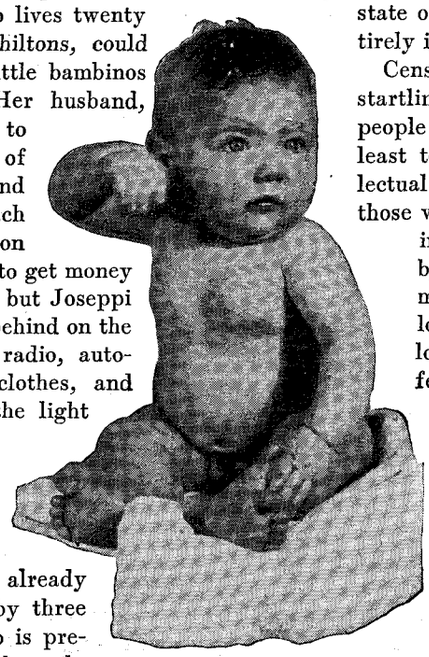
The Curse of White Collar Babies

By DARWIN L. TEILHET

WILLIAM CHILTON, good friend of mine, came to me not so long ago. "Now don't laugh!" he protested. "I know we haven't any sense, but we were crazy enough to want one. Betty is going to have the baby in a few months. Do you know anything about these places that advertise to lend money?"

Three years out of the University of California, twenty-six years old, making $50 a week, William considers himself extremely lucky because according to the income statistics of college men compiled by E. W. Lord of Boston University, he receives $100 a year more than the average graduate of his age.

But this salary was woefully inadequate for the expense of having a baby. When the baby came, although Betty Chilton had only fair medical attention, plus two weeks in a two-bed hospital room and a trained nurse for a short period, William had to borrow $840. Yet the doctor and nurse received little better than janitor wages and the hospital made only a small profit.



Mrs. Duvino, who lives twenty blocks from the Chiltons, could have had thirteen little bambinos for that amount. Her husband, Joseppi, takes her to the maternity ward of the same hospital and pays $65 for each baby. William Chilton went to loan sharks to get money to pay for his baby, but Joseppi at present is so far behind on the instalments on his radio, automobile, furniture, clothes, and house, as well as the light and gas bills, that he told the hospital that he could not pay anything. The Duvinos, married only three years, already have been blessed by three babies. Mrs. Duvino is preparing for a fourth early next year.

The Chiltons have been brought up to believe, as most young people have been with similar heritage, that the parent has a definite duty toward the child. They are prepared to sacrifice to provide their child with such expensive necessities as a cultural and intellectual education. William is sufficiently well acquainted with the depressing figures on college graduates' earnings to realize that he will be lucky ever to receive over $8,000 at maximum earning capacity. Hardly enough to bring up and adequately educate more than two children! That is why he and his wife, like many other wise young married couples, are deliberately curbing any such prolific tendencies which Joseppi and his wife, on the contrary, consider as their natural and inalienable right. As for the Duvinos providing for the future education of their children, they consider it somewhat ridiculous. Hasn't Joseppi one of these college boys working under him at the soap factory for only $20 a week?

WE KNOW most doctors are grievously underpaid. The average hospital seems to be barely able to struggle along without hopelessly dissolving in debts. It seems strange, however, with all of the recent publicity about medical charges, that perhaps the gravest result of the present illogical and confused state of affairs has been entirely ignored.

Census figures show with startling clearness that the people who contribute the least to our political, intellectual and social growth are those who are encouraged to increase their fecundity by receiving competent medical attention for a low cost. They are allowed to breed in perfect physical safety with all the unrestrained, joyous abandon of guinea pigs, with little financial anxiety and with expert medical care.

In New York it costs even more to have a child than in California. Take Henry Caber. He married on $55 a week in a New York publishing house. Nine and one half months later he was faced with the problem of getting money, lots of money, and in a hurry. Our modern hospitals require cash.

The specialist cut his regular fee in half and let Henry pay the $300 in twelve instalments. Hospital expenses were $105 for the first week, $66 for the second. This was extremely reasonable as hospitals go. They had a nurse at the hospital and one more week to help at home. That utterly ruined another $155. This was also reasonable—a good day laborer would receive more for digging in a gas main.

The total bill somehow climbed to about $1,000 by the time the baby was old enough to open its eyes when Henry tiptoed into the room and said, "Boo!" If Henry had cared to permit his wife to go into a maternity ward, as she so gamely offered to do, he would have saved nearly $600. He told me how he had peeked into one of the wards one day with a young interne, who explained that the charity cases came here. There were fifteen beds in each ward. Henry hastily withdrew, mumbling something under his breath to the effect that any one was crazy to think he would allow his wife to spend two weeks in a room crowded with a lot of assorted women.

It is true that the majority of the occupants of our wards are of the more recent immigrant races. Step into a ward in any large city. You will see many dark faces besides the Negroes. There will be Sicilians, Russian Jews, Hungarians, South Europeans, Orientals and Poles, all of obvious peasant ancestry. The preponderance of these darker Latin and Oriental races, however, was no excuse for Henry's deplorable exhibition of racial irritation. They had fully as much right as his wife to be in the maternity ward. But Henry did just as thousands of other young men in his condition have done and are doing. He willingly put himself in debt for three years rather than allow his wife to stay for two weeks in the cheaper, more practical maternity ward.

BY ACTUAL check, twenty-one husbands out of the forty-three men who had placed their wives in the four wards, at that time, had yearly incomes equaling or exceeding Henry's. That over a third of the money Henry paid doctors and hospital was used to help pay for the expenses of operating the wards did not disturb him. It did not disturb him because no one was cruel enough to tell him that one whole year of his work in paying off his debts was swallowed up by charity patients, whose husbands on the average were making as much as he was!

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The ward represents America's attempt to provide adequate medical and hospital attention at low cost. Because of our professed belief that every man is created equal we have come to believe that a division into classes implies inequality and therefore a derogatory social condition. This confusion has prevented us from sensibly dividing hospital services into one, two and three classes as is done, for example, in Germany. There the class of room in the hospital merely denotes the luxury of service—the medical care is the same. It is quite the customary thing for the college professor or professional man to order a second class room for his wife. The class of room has nothing to do with the social status of the occupant. A wealthy *Geschaftsfrau* might take a first class room and be very proud that the young Baronin in the second class room nodded to her as she passed by.

The representatives of the European peasant class in America have naturally gravitated to the wards. Because of the willingness of this type to take full advantage of the charity features of the ward, they have given it a stigma which was not intended. They have driven every other class to demand rooms which only the wealthy in Europe would think of using. This has worked a great hardship on the younger, cultured classes who have yet to gain their financial independence. By the time they are free from financial worries and able to afford present hospital expenses, the women are too old to continue to bear children.

MEDICAL leaders are aware of the seriousness of the falling birth rate in the educated population strata. Dr. Mayo recently charged the hospital with too much salesmanship and too little humanity. Only a few months ago another physician and humanitarian, Lieutenant Commander Joel T. Boone, severely criticized the cost of maternity treatment and the tendency of the physicians to turn to specialization in the hope of great monetary rewards.

"We have commercialized medicine too greatly," he said. "We are making medicine so expensive that we are failing to reach and help the would-be mothers."

Dr. John William Keefe said that the high cost of babies was curtailing the size of the American family. He would have the community hospital reduce their maternity charges on the ground that they are doing an important social service.

Even if the social stigma were removed from our maternity wards, it is doubtful if the people who should have children would use them until present medical conditions improve. Educated men, like Henry Caber and William Chilton, are perfectly aware of the deplorable incompetence of the average medical practitioner in the science of obstetrics. They know that the United States has the highest maternal mortality in any civilized country. They have read that the greatest concern of the 125 foremost specialists in obstetrics, gynecology and abdominal surgery, who met recently at their annual meetings in Memphis, was about the unnecessary number of deaths due to childbirth. According to them, American women pay the highest fees yet have the most incompetent attention.

It is the woman intellectually incapable of considering the future who is willing to give birth to a child as often as the occasion permits. The intelligent woman naturally understands the purposes of birth control. Because of her willingness to protect the future of one or two children by refusing to have more, men like Dr. Louis I. Dublin become very greatly perturbed. He referred to the educated class of women when he said: "The number of childless marriages is rapidly increasing to a point of becoming a serious problem, and there is evidence that contraceptive practices by young people may have a good deal to do with it."

The case of Professor Coore and his wife Anne offers an excellent example of the few remaining members of our intellectual aristocracy who are willing to run the economic dangers of a large family. Married ten years, with already five children, Coore is now an assistant professor, in a small Illinois college, making $6,000 a year. It is doubtful if he will ever make over $7,000 or $8,000, including income from his text books. As incomes go, this is good for a man in his profession.

Because he could not afford to take Anne to a specialist, her right leg remains crippled by the birth of the fourth child. Professor Coore has never been out of debt. Capable and unusually intelligent, he has been so busy grinding out books during his spare time and vacations that he has not had time to take up any advanced studies; consequently he has seen the younger men called to the better posts. He is thirty-seven years old. He says that he sees nothing ahead of him but an unending struggle to make ends meet and to give his children an education.

Because of the high cost of children, intelligent men and women find it wiser to marry late when they have assured incomes. Yet it is the younger women who bear the greater number of children each year in the United States. Vital statistics show that five children are born to women under thirty to every three children born over thirty. A general survey of college and high school statistics indicates that their graduates marry from five to ten years later than do other women.

A detailed survey of nine prominent women's colleges brings the information that only 53.8 per cent of the graduates

(Please Turn to Page 434)

Photos courtesy of New York Nursery & Child Hospital

The majority of the occupants of our wards are of the more recent immigrant races

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Jobs for Jobless

By LOUIS STARK

After a period of prosperity unmatched in the world's history, our nation faces the prospect of a winter of unparalleled misery and unemployment. What is the matter and what has been done about it? Mr. Stark, an authority on labor conditions, has set down the facts as he has found them.

AS THESE lines are written less than a week has passed since Colonel Arthur Woods took over the leadership of the government forces in "a race against human misery." With the coming of winter the plight of the 3,500,000 to 5,000,000 unemployed threatens to be exceptionally serious if relief is not pushed vigorously.

What is the background of the unemployment situation? Why is the United States in the midst of this most serious economic crisis? Are the lengthening bread lines merely passing phenomena?

On the industrial side there is overproduction—our economic system pouring out goods at a much faster rate than they can be consumed. Overproduction is a misnomer so long as millions of people still exist without satisfaction of the most elementary wants. Underconsumption would be more accurate. There cannot be overproduction until the millions who want and need more food, more clothing, better housing, more education, more leisure and more cultural advantages are satisfied.

ON THE producing side industry has achieved miracles. A stream of automobiles has flowed from the factories, thanks in part to the partial payment plan. Radios, electrical washing machines, electrical refrigerators and many other articles in mass production have been disgorged from humming factories into the possession of millions so that today the instalment market accounts for six billions of dollars of these goods.

Nor has this tremendous production been limited to the United States. A memorandum of the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations shows that while the world's population in 1928 was about ten per cent more than in 1923, production of food stuffs and raw material was about twenty-five per cent higher.

Statistics on the available supplies of textiles and four important metals show that unsold supplies are steadily mounting while prices are falling. Every grain producing nation has millions of "surplus" bushels of wheat and at the same time vast armies of poor and unemployed need bread.

Everywhere the story is the same, production mounting at a giddy pace and consumption lagging behind. The five years up to 1919 saw an average world production of sugar amounting to 19,000,000 short tons. Five years later the production was more than 29,000,000 tons, fifty per cent increase. America's wheat acreage jumped from forty-seven to sixty-one millions in less than two decades. In four years the world rubber output increased from fifty-one to sixty-eight million long tons. Australia's average wheat production between 1910 and 1914 was more than 90,000,000 bushels. Twelve years later it was more than 160,000,000 bushels. Chile's copper production was 93,000,000 pounds in 1913 and 528,000,000 in 1928.

One could go on almost endlessly reciting figures of increased production the world over. Every resource of the engineer, the scientist and research worker has gone into improvement of the productive machinery of industry. Less attention has been paid to financing the purchasing power of the masses of people who are looked to to buy the products of the machine.

Too much surplus capital has gone into machinery to produce more things and not enough into purchasing power to buy back the things produced. This imbalance has made for an economic order with an eye single to production, with profits plowed back into further production, whose profits in turn were again returned to create more things and so on until the towering structure of things became so great that the existing purchasing power could make no dent in it. Result, shutdown of factories, unemployment, further decrease of purchasing power, and bread lines.

THERE have been seventeen major depressions in the United States the last 120 years, but somehow the jobless in the end found work in the ever-growing industrial plant which continued to create jobs in some lines as fast almost as jobs were vacated in other lines. The automobile industry alone created 4,000,000 new jobs and millions of others were created by the radio, electric refrigerator, hotels, restaurants, new schools, beauty shops, telephones, and other services.

But the picture apparently is now changing. The army of the jobless is growing faster than the number of jobs created for them. A permanent army of unemployed is in the making. Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, in *Recent Economic Changes,* said: "The supply of new jobs has not been equal to the number of new workers plus the old workers displaced. Hence there has been a net increase of unemployment between 1920 and 1927, which exceeds 650,000 people."

Professor Mitchell's figures showed that on an average one out of every thirteen workers was unemployed in the years 1920 to 1927.

In the four great basic industries—mining, agriculture, manufacturing and railway transportation—the number of employees has declined nearly 3,000,000 in the last ten years. While this decline was going on production increased thirty-two per cent, according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics but payrolls increased only three per cent. Behind this discrepancy is the drama of bread lines and empty larders.

While some economists maintain that fears of a permanent technological unemployment are exaggerated as labor is being transferred to new industries rather than being thrown out of industry altogether, they admit that there is a "lag" in the process. In the "long run," they say, matters are evened up because the worker gets a job in another line. Unfortunately, however, the jobless man lives in the "short run" and can take little comfort from the knowledge that he and his tens of thousands of associates will have jobs "eventually" in new industries or new services.

On the financial side economists like Professor Gustav Cassel of Sweden and Sir Henry Strakosch take the view that the case for the world depression lies in the concentration of the gold supply. The struggle for gold, in their opinion, has resulted in a collapse of prices

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and a general depression. Sir Henry Strakosch points out that in 1929 the whole new world supply of gold available for monetary purposes that year was absorbed by the United States and France which two countries had already taken from the other gold standard countries a large amount of gold, thus sterilizing gold to the value of $550,000,000 "and deprived the gold standard world of the possibility of augmenting the amount of currency and credit needed for the exchange of its increased production."

So much for some of the causes of unemployment. Now what about remedies? Remedies for unemployment are many and varied, ranging from international action to "put the idle on jury duty."

The campaign of immediate relief directed by Colonel Woods is centered on the stimulation of public works, coordination of local, state and federal programs for public construction, the "staggering" of employment and division of work among many rather than full time by a few. Also, the program aims to create jobs by having householders and plant owners order odd jobs of repair, renovation and refurnishing now.

The federal government's part of the program will be to hasten its authorized construction program calling for an expenditure of $275,000,000 in 1930. There will be increased federal contributions to the road building program of the various states and as many men as possible will be employed on the Mississippi River flood control plan and the inland waterways project. Encouragement will be given by the federal government to the states' and municipalities' programs which call for the expenditure of more than $2,000,000,000. The total amount involved in the federal, state and municipal programs, estimated by government experts as about $3,500,000,000, is expected to be a powerful fillip to business as the construction dollar penetrates into almost every other line.

Private industry is expected to play an important rôle in the winter's employment drama. The railroads have exceeded their 1929 improvement expenditures by $100,000,000 and the public utilities are expected to spend $500,000,000 more than last year.

It is too early to say exactly what the municipalities will do but the program is to have them speed up plans for public instruction. However, the question of relief is foremost in all communities just now. New York City, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee and many other cities are putting forward plans to feed the hungry, shelter the homeless and give jobs to the unemployed.

Organized labor, through its spokesman, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, sounded a warning a few weeks ago at the Boston convention of that body, saying that the present economic order could not long endure if the problem of unemployment were not solved.

Responsibility for breakdowns in the economic system is placed by labor on the shoulders of management on the ground that, by and large, industry denies a partnership in the handling of the economic machine to labor. Labor's program, therefore, calls for the immediate introduction of the eight-hour day and the five-day week to spread employment over the idle. It calls for vacations with pay to workmen in all plants.

Other labor proposals are: Establishment of a nation-wide system of state and federal unemployment exchanges, working co-ordinately and with the cooperation of labor; adequate machinery for gathering statistical records of employment and unemployment; speeding up of public works to meet cyclical unemployment; vocational guidance and retraining for those displaced by technical progress; a special study of technological unemployment through the medium of a commission appointed by

Wide World

Lower New York breadlines jam the sidewalks of an entire block

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President Hoover; a special study by labor of all proposals for relief, including unemployment insurance.

Last but not least, labor calls upon industry to regularize production and stabilize employment by co-operation with labor. So that there may be comprehensive planning by an advisory body representing all producing and consuming groups, it is proposed that a "National Economic Council" set up machinery for achieving economic equilibrium. Labor credits itself with the wide acceptance of the policy of high wages and no wage reductions during the emergency and which, President Hoover told the convention, had, in the main, been observed.

Underwood

What is industry's program? First it is to create a popular psychology of optimism by pointing out that despite the stock market crash last year America's resources are still intact, that American labor and management are still as skillful and intelligent as ever and that the recession has not affected the vitals of our financial, economic and industrial machine. "Buy now" and "clean up" campaigns are under way in many communities and have the approval of national leaders. The Steel Corporation and others have "staggered" work so that while few, if any, are employed full time nobody is idle full time. This movement, too, is growing.

There is general assent to the idea that high wages mean faster movement of goods from producer to consumer, provided the consumer has a job. This problem, of a continuous purchasing power, is being met in some 200 or more concerns by gauging production to consumption in such a way as to guarantee workers full year employment by spreading work over the whole year and by the creation, in some companies, of reserves out of which men who are laid off may be paid a kind of voluntary unemployment insurance.

Among the companies which stabilized their labor turnover prior to the present recession are the International Harvester Co., the United States Rubber Co., Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Standard Oil Company of Indiana, Procter and Gamble Co., Packard Automobile Co., Endicott-Johnson Co., Dennison Manufacturing Co., Knox Hat Company, Columbia Conserve Co., Dutchess Manufacturing Co., Leeds and Northrup Company and the Hills Brothers Co. The depression has severely affected some of these stabilization programs. Those companies which guarantee full time make estimates of their probable sales a year in advance and produce approximately one-twelfth of their stock each month. Those which set up reserves for payment of men while idle do so on the theory that the problem of employment is one of proper management and that if management fails in its task industry should not penalize the victim, in this case the worker, but should pay the shot itself.

Displacement of employees by new machinery or more efficient production methods is partly made up by some companies with the grant of a dismissal or dislocation wage. Several hundred cutters whose jobs were taken away from them when a more efficient method of cutting cloth was introduced in the factories of Hart, Schaffner and Marx, were paid $500 each, the funds being contributed jointly by the company and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. The sagas of these displaced cutters make interesting reading for the sociologist but space prevents mention of the changed aspects presented by life to these men when they were set adrift in what was to the older ones a wholly new world.

Ernest G. Draper, a member of Governor Roosevelt's Commission on Stabilization, is offering for discussion a tentative proposal calling for a compulsory dislocation wage, established by the state and obligatory upon industry when men such as the Chicago cutters are set adrift. This would be an alternative to compulsory unemployment insurance, under federal and state auspices, now being advanced in some quarters. A voluntary method of unemployment insurance by the setting up of reserve funds from contributions made by

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The Great American Slanguage

By BARBARA BROWN

VISITING Paris for the first time several years ago we were amused to see the signs over the doors and in the windows of the souvenir shops: *English Spoken, American Understood.* I remember that my brother and I entered one shop and purposely engaged the proprietor in a conversation which on our part was replete with the slang phrases of the day, such as Gosh, Twenty-three skidoo, Hand me a lemon, etc., until, thoroughly bewildered, the Frenchman admitted that he did not understand American. That same year on the Italian lakes we met a young German, and indulging in a little harmless teasing we told him that when Americans were thrilled and anxious to express their emotion, they always said, "Gosh." He came into the moon-lit garden one night and cried fervently, "The moon, gosh, gosh, the moon." Slang had its place, but a decidedly minor one and amongst young people mainly.

Today, the German, or mayhap a Britisher, confident that he can speak English, arrives in the United States for the first time. He hails a taxi.

Stranger: "Is the Skyhigh Hotel a first class place to stop?"

Taxi Driver: "I'll tell the world, it's a swell dump."

Stranger: "I beg pardon. A dump? You mean it will not do."

Taxi Driver: "Say, how do you get that way? I said it's hot."

Stranger: "Too hot, you say? Can you tell me of a cooler one?"

Taxi Driver: "Aw, go chase yerself."

He drives off. The foreigner has heard a sample of our great American Slanguage. Granted that the English cockney has his unique vocabulary it is yet true that every one the foreigner meets in America, with a few rare exceptions, will speak the Slanguage of the taxi driver. It is at present the adopted language of the United States, spoken by every age, and both sexes, and it isn't slang only. A percentage of our *talk*—it can be dignified by *speech*—is blasphemy, pure and simple, or rather I should say, profane and unadulterated, and used with no sense of shame or apology. What the visitor to America needs is a Slanguage dictionary, and a Department of Justice-to-Strangers should compile one.

In the rôle of the snooping reporter I have been listening and taking notes, and in a short time I collected the following remarks at first ear.

"Be careful or you will fall," my friend admonished her beautiful little five-year-old daughter. She replied, "Aw, mind your own potatoes, mother."

(She did call her "mother" in this age where fear of leaving youth has caused parents to train their offspring to call them by their given names.)

Passing a row of houses I saw a woman come out of one and cross the sidewalk to her car. As she entered it two small children ran up to her, and one of them said, fiercely, "You dirty bum, why don't you take us with you to meet daddy?"

A twelve-year-old boy spoke to me while I was waiting outside the school for my son, "Did you hear about Jim getting bumped off?" He was referring to an automobile accident the day before in which a school companion had been killed.

I ASKED a twenty-year-old, finished finishing school, blue-blooded, supposedly well-bred young lady, about a certain young man.

"He doesn't know what it's all about. A regular Christer, that sap." Several days later I requested a translation of her remark from a group of debutantes with whom I was having tea.

"Oh, that's a common expression," they explained. "It means goody-goody." Then one of them added, "There's a boy at the University whose nickname is Jesus. He used to be the pure sort, and he got that name. Then he started drinking, and is he wild now! But they still call him Jesus."

A Columbia graduate, civil engineer, thirty-five years old, drove my husband and myself home one morning. A tire went flat. The men got out to change it. The Columbia graduate's wife leaned over the side of the car.

"Did you say something to me?" she asked.

"Hell no," came his reply. "This damn thing is stuck on the rim and I was talking to God."

We go swimming at a private beach at an Army post, admission by card only. One afternoon last week two women were conversing as they bobbed up and down in the water.

"Yes, Colonel and Mrs.— have gone," confirmed one of them. "I fell heir to their cook. From the recommendation they gave her you might think she was Mrs. God."

Near me on the raft a mother was teaching her small daughter to swim. "If you don't try harder, Lucy Mary, I'll punch you one in the face." The grandmother chimed in, "Lucy Mary, you're just a little dumb bell."

Even as I sat here writing a doctor, certainly in his middle fifties, passed below the window, whistling cheerily. A friend met him.

"You sound as if you were feeling mighty good, doc," he suggested.

"You bet," replied the doctor, "I feel as good as if I were going to my grandmother's funeral."

"Well, I certainly don't," said the first speaker, "I didn't get to bed till two and I had to get up at five."

"Guess your dogs feel pretty tired then," sympathized Doc.

In this article it is hardly fair to display my personal pet abominations, but to back my complaint more substantially, it might be well to give a few samples. I am so tired of hearing sap, oh boy, and how, sez you, guts and dirty bum, that I could almost leave for the Fiji Islands to escape them. I am held back only by the very certain thought that some ambitious sailor or traveler from our shores has already introduced them even there. Hell's bells is another, and it rings on the lips of men and women who are the parents of the newest generation. But of all the expressions, the one word that the young men of today in particular find entirely satisfactory in mixed company to depict their dislike or disgust, the word gripe is to me the most offensive. Every time I hear it, and with two sons of my own I hear it often used by them and their otherwise delightful friends, I get the same reaction. My ears seem to turn up and forward like a dog's or a horse's, and I think rapidly, "Did I hear aright?" Belonging to the generation that shuddered at the word stomach spoken "in company," and knowing gripe only in private as a word that signified an unmentionable intestinal disorder, I cannot understand its present popularity and position of prominence.

The number of repulsive words in this new glossary is endless—lousy, sock, wench, tripe, neck, etc. I have listed

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The Battle of Propaganda

By CHARLES MERZ

Following the breakdown of the governmental enforcement machinery as described in the preceding two chapters of "The Dry Decade," Mr. Merz in the current instalment analyzes the conflicting estimates of prohibition put forward by its friends and opponents and discusses the relation of prohibition to prosperity.

OF THE thousands of conflicting estimates of national prohibition placed before the country by the end of 1925, these two are typical:

From Congressman Schneider of Wisconsin: "Vice, crime, immorality, disease, insanity, corruption and a general disregard for law, directly traceable to the unenforceability of the Volstead Act, are increasing with alarming rapidity[1]."

From the Anti-Saloon League of America: "Industry, commerce, art, literature, music, learning, entertainment and benevolence all find their finest expression in this saloonless land[2]."

To the militant leaders of the wets, the law had not only broken down but in its breakdown saddled the American people with a heavy burden. To the militant leaders of the drys, neither the handicap of hostility which the law had encountered in the cities nor the lax conditions of enforcement of which the drys themselves complained could rob this experiment of its usefulness. The net result was clear gain, of lasting value to the country. On these two major themes there were many variations.

THE field of controversy over the results achieved by the first six years of prohibition in the United States has been plowed over many times and turned up few facts whose authenticity has not been challenged. One of these facts is unmistakable. Whatever had happened to vice, crime and immorality—or to art, literature and music, for that matter—Congressman Schneider and those who shared his opinion of this experiment were entitled to cite an increase in corruption in public office as one of its by-products. The early years of prohibition witnessed a long series of cases involving federal and local officials in bribery, conspiracy to violate the law and efforts at extortion. It was presumably to this fact that the President of the United States referred when he said of prohibition in 1922 that "there are conditions relating to its enforcement which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our public life[3]."

How many state and municipal officials were actually found guilty of corruption in these early years of prohibition it is impossible to say. States and municipalities do not keep such records. Nothing better exists by way of an official estimate than the opinion of Commissioner Haynes that bribes had been offered freely to "sheriffs, constables and peace officers by all titles" and that "those who have been caught are, doubtless, but a fraction of those who are guilty[4]."

From the federal government itself, however, accurate figures are available. By February 1, 1926, at the end of six years of prohibition, 875 agents of the enforcement service had been dismissed on the score of such offenses as bribery, extortion, solicitation of money, conspiracy to violate the law, embezzlement and submission of false reports[5].

That this list of dismissals measured the full extent of corruption in the Prohibition Bureau seems unlikely. Presumably there were agents shrewd enough to conceal evidence of misconduct until they had left the service of the government. Presumably there were other agents, less fortunate in this respect, who were saved from dismissal by the interference of politicians capable of exercising pressure. Assuming, however, that the list of 875 dismissals was an accurate index of corruption, and accepting General Andrews's estimate that in six years' time some 10,000 men had passed in and out of the Prohibition Bureau for the purpose of filling an average of 3060 jobs, the number of agents dismissed for corruption was approximately one out of twelve.

This was not an entirely unprecedented figure. As Senator Harreld of Oklahoma pointed out, "One out of twelve of the disciples went wrong[6]," and this was certainly no worse. Yet within the limited experience of the federal government, it was novel. No other bureau in Washington shared the experience of the Prohibition Bureau in these years. No other bureau found it necessary to discharge one-twelfth of its employees for a breach of trust. Whatever precedent for these figures existed elsewhere, it seems clear that a great deal of confusion would have arisen in the United States if at every point in its wide contact with the public the federal government had been eight per cent dishonest.

The question of corruption was unique in one respect. Here, at least, there were certain dependable figures of the federal government concerning dismissals from its own service. To this degree, the extent and character of such corruption as had been introduced by prohibition could be measured without bias. Over most other questions concerned with the social results of this experiment a sharp dispute had developed by 1925, in which every relevant fact was stubbornly and bitterly contested.

This was true, for example, of the controversy over the effect of prohibition on the evil it was originally designed to cure: the evil of intoxication. A great many sets of figures on this point had come into existence by the end of 1925. The two most widely quoted were those assembled by the World League Against Alcoholism and by the Moderation League, Inc. The first set of figures, covering arrests for intoxication in 300 American cities from 1913 to 1923, received the warm endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League and other prohibition organizations. The second set of figures, covering arrests in 350 cities from 1914 to 1924, was more often quoted by critics of the law.

IN a broad way these two reports agreed upon one fact. During the three years 1918, 1919 and 1920 there had been a steady decrease in arrests for intoxication, compared with earlier years, and therefore a presumptive decrease in intoxication itself. After 1920, both reports agreed that the curve turned up again. How sharply up, however, was a point involved in great dispute.

According to the World League Against Alcoholism, the upturn was not important enough to discredit the results achieved by prohibition. The first four prohibition years from 1920 to

1. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 629.
2. *New York Times*, November 26, 1925.
3. Message to Congress, December 8, 1922.
4. *New York Times*, August 5, 1923.
5. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 92.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 80.

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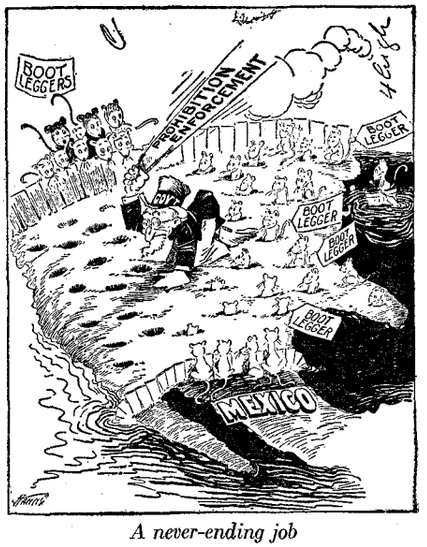
1923 showed an average of 383,711 arrests in the 300 cities on the World League's list, compared with an average of 572,106 arrests in these same cities for the four pre-prohibition years from 1913 to 1916. Taking account of an increase in population, the World League estimated that arrests for drunkenness had decreased by 42.3 per cent as a result of prohibition[7].

Meantime, according to the Moderation League, which dealt in yearly totals rather than in averages, the number of arrests had increased steadily from 226,070 in 1920 to 306,866 in 1921, to 412,640 in 1922, to 483,753 in 1923, and finally to 498,752 in 1924. At this point it was higher than the figure for any preceding year since 1917 and practically back at the pre-prohibition figure of 506,737 for 1914[8].

There were several reasons which explain the violently different conclusions at which these two reports arrived. For one thing, the authors of the two reports went to a number of different places for their data. In South Dakota, for example, the World League drew its figures from Aberdeen and Lead; the Moderation League, from Sioux Falls, Watertown and Huron. In Illinois six towns and cities appeared upon both lists; three others only on the list of the World League; and seven others only on the list of the Moderation League. Similar discrepancies occurred in practically all states.

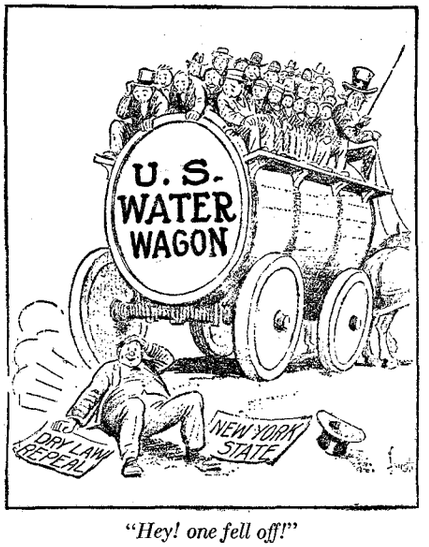
In the second place, the actual figures presented in the two reports disagreed in many instances. There were 45,226 arrests for intoxication in Philadelphia in 1923 according to the World League and 54,124 arrests in the same city in the same year according to the Moderation League. There were 10,643 arrests in New York City and 11,947 in Detroit, according to the first report; 13,141 in New York City and 12,977 in Detroit, according to the second.

In the third place, the comparison between averages in one report and totals in the other was confusing, and in itself the subject of a bitter controversy. Partisans of the World League charged that the figures of the Moderation League were "deceptive and misleading" because they failed to take account of an increase in population[9]. Partisans of the Moderation League charged that the World League had fallen back on averages for four-year periods in order to conceal an alarming recent upturn in the curve of arrests for intoxication[10].



A never-ending job

These cartoons, taken from newspapers of the period with which this instalment deals, indicate the enforcement problems of the day



"Hey! one fell off!"

Settled

Added to these differences in method and in content in the two reports themselves, there was a sharp dispute over the interpretation which could properly be placed on any figures for arrests. Friends of the law insisted that if 383,711 people in 300 cities were still being arrested for drunkenness in the fourth year of prohibition, it was because of increased severity on the part of the police. Critics of the law replied that the police had little sympathy with prohibition, a fact amply demonstrated, they insisted, by the complaint of the drys themselves that in many cities the existence of speakeasies was regarded with the utmost complacency by mayors and the heads of police departments.

The net result of these contradictory sets of figures, and of the argument which arose over the proper method of interpreting them, was presumably to convince no one who was not prepared to be convinced. People who liked to believe that prohibition had been a success despite the handicap of lax enforcement cited the figures of the World League Against Alcoholism, to show that arrests for intoxication, while still in the hundred thousands, had been appreciably reduced. People who preferred to regard the law as a failure cited the figures of the Moderation League, to prove that arrests for drunkenness were practically back at their pre-prohibition figure, without taking account of an increased consumption of liquor in private homes.

There was every opportunity here for any one interested in the results of prohibition to fortify his personal prejudice with highly documented facts and plenty of evidence to suggest that individual observers were taking advantage of the opportunity. When a committee of the Senate inquired into conditions existing at the end of 1925, it was able to discover men who could perceive precisely the same set of facts in the same place at the same time in profoundly different lights—a not unusual situation.

Three instances are typical. By one clergyman the committee was told that in the mining towns of Pennsylvania prohibition had enormously increased drinking and introduced an illicit still "into practically every other home;" by another clergyman from the same section of the country, that drinking was

7. *New York Times*, November 24, 1924.
8. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 354.
9. *New York Times*, December 3, 1925.
10. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 355.

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a thing of the past and that in five years of prohibition he had never seen a still[11].

By an official of the Salvation Army the committee was informed that cases of poverty in New York City as a result of drunkenness were only a fiftieth of what they used to be, and by a Judge of the Court of General Sessions, having much to do with these same people, that prohibition had multiplied at least by three the menace of drunkenness in the tenement districts of the city[12].

From a representative of organized labor the committee learned that intemperance among workmen was "constantly increasing," and from an employer of labor that intemperance among workmen was no longer a problem for the manufacturer. "Before prohibition I do not remember ever seeing a milk wagon in our mill-yard. Every morning there are three or four milk wagons there and the men are using milk in place of beer[13]."

THE same paucity of official data, the same heated dispute over the manner in which these data should be interpreted and the same striking variations between the first-hand observation of one observer and the next, all characteristic of the controversy over the effect of prohibition on intoxication, were also characteristic of a disagreement over the effect of prohibition on the nation's health.

Into this disagreement voluminous sets of figures were introduced, showing the number of cases of alcoholism, alcoholic poisoning, cirrhosis of the liver, insanity and drug addiction received from year to year by hospitals in a long list of cities. If any such figures showed a tendency to rise, it was frequently the practice of friends of prohibition to dismiss them on the ground that they came from centers of opposition to the law and therefore failed to measure the benefits to be had from strict enforcement. If they showed a tendency to fall, the enemies of prohibition argued that they were necessarily local figures, unimportant as an index of conditions existing in many populous industrial cities, where an unpopular law had raised formidable problems.

Meantime, there was little by way of an authentic summary of conditions on a national scale available to partisans on either side. The Census Bureau, it is true, had for some years tabulated deaths from alcoholism in the United States Registration Area. For the seven years from 1911 to 1917 such deaths had been practically stationary at 4.9, 5.3, 5.9, 4.9, 4.4, 5.8 and 5.2 per 100,000 people; for the three years from 1918 to 1920 they had fallen sharply to 2.7, 1.6 and 1.0; in 1921 they had begun to rise and from that year forward to 1925 they stood at 1.8, 2.6, 3.2, 3.2 and 3.6 respectively[14].

In a broad way, these figures agreed with the downward curve and then the upward curve in arrests for intoxication reported by both the Moderation League and the World League Against Alcoholism. There was a large element of risk, however, in using these figures as a peg on which to hang broad statements. Deaths from alcoholism played an extremely small part in the mortality figures of the United States, at no time in any of these years, either before or after prohibition, accounting even for the death of one person in every sixteen thousand. A change in such figures might conceivably suggest a tendency, but as an index of the habits of the average American they were of little value.

For statisticians interested in exploring the results of prohibition there was more fascination, in these circumstances, in experimenting with figures on a larger scale: such figures, for example, as the data of the Census Bureau on public health in general, as reflected in the death rate for all causes. Here there was clear evidence of steady progress over a long period of years. Reports of the Census Bureau for the United States Registration Area showed that in the five years following 1900 the average death rate was 15.9 per thousand people; that in the five years before the entrance of the United States into the World War the figure dropped to 14.6; and that in the first five years of prohibition it dropped again to 12.7[15].

The question at issue was whether prohibition had played any part in the lowering of the death rate in these last five years. Partisans of the law claimed that it had, and if they were devout enough in their partisanship claimed on behalf of prohibition entire credit for the reduction. Thus Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler declared in 1924 that "the saving of human life since prohibition reduced the death rate is equivalent to a million lives[16]."

To critics of the law this seemed too large a count. Various things had been happening in these five years, they insisted, aside from an experiment with federal prohibition. Medical science had improved, hospital methods had improved, new serums and new vaccines had been discovered, schools and insurance companies had initiated health campaigns, the standards of public hygiene were steadily advancing. If prohibition was responsible for lowering the death rate in the United States, critics of the law asked why the death rate had also fallen in many European nations which still permitted the use of intoxicating liquors.

Argument was based on faith. There were people who felt that prohibition was entirely responsible for any gain in public health, people who felt that it could fairly claim some portion of the credit, people who felt that it had played no part whatever and people who felt that its effect had been definitely harmful, slowing down progress which would have been more rapid if a large quantity of impure and poisonous liquor had not flooded the country in the years from 1920 to 1925.

There was no way in which any of these people could establish indisputable proof of their theories on the basis of existing data.

THE claims of rival prophets, the conflict between hostile theories and the will to believe what each observer wished to believe, all reached their climax in the dispute over two final points widely debated in these years: namely, the question of what effect, if any, prohibition had had upon crime in the United States and the question of what effect, if any, it had had upon the prosperity which the country began to enjoy in increasing measure after its first post-war depression.

As might have been anticipated, the range of these two questions was sufficiently wide to open the door to sweeping statements made with great finality. Since crime and prosperity were even more complex in their causes than public health and arrests for intoxication, more difficult to measure accurately and more difficult to understand, it was correspondingly easy to be apostolic about them. On frequent occasions statesmen on both sides of this controversy confused hypothesis with fact and snap judgment with profound and sober research.

The conclusions reached by this pro-

11. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 423, 1240.
12. *Ibid.*, pp. 678, 146.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 277, 808.
14. *Mortality Statistics*, Bureau of the Census, 1911-1925.
15. *Mortality Statistics*, Bureau of the Census, 1901-1905, 1912-1916, 1920-1924.
16. *New York Times*, November 27, 1924.

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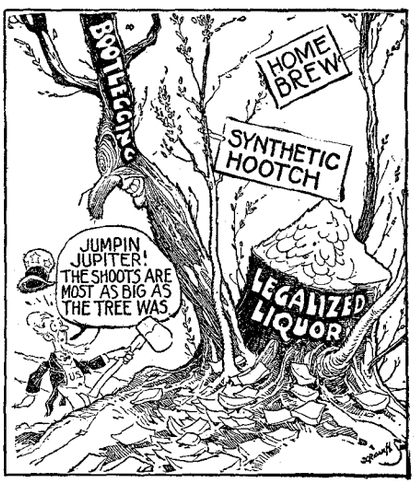
cedure could be many miles apart. In the matter of crime, for instance, it seemed clear to Mr. Hudson Maxim that prohibition had suddenly "changed the law-abiding American people into the most lawless people in the world" and "filled our prisons with lawbreakers till the doors bulge[17]." To Mr. Wheeler, on the other hand, it seemed no less clear that crime in a prohibition country had almost ceased to be a problem. "The crime rate has so decreased that many jails are closed. Others are being sold. Our penal population is below the average of license years[18]."

On the whole, what data were available concerning crimes of a serious character lent themselves to more effective use by critics of the law than by its friends. In the opinion of the Census Bureau the most reliable figures concerning prison population were those showing admittance to penal institutions following sentence in the courts[19]. In this respect the census figures showed a decided increase in the number of prisoners admitted to federal and state prisons and reformatories over a period of sixteen years. In 1910 the number of such prisoners was 32.3 per 100,000 people; by 1923 it had increased to 34.6; by 1926 it had again increased to 41.8[20].

The question at this point was whether prohibition had or had not played a part of importance in this increase. To many critics of the law the case seemed clear enough. Prohibition had fostered an illicit traffic. It had hung up enormous prizes for such gangs as infested many of the larger cities. It had diverted the attention of at least some part of the police from the prevention of crimes like burglary and homicide to a pursuit of illicit pints of liquor. By persuading otherwise law-abiding citizens to set an example of lawlessness with respect to this one law, it had fostered lawlessness in general.

Not an issue—but . . .

To these arguments the friends of prohibition took exception. By no reasonable process of deduction, they insisted, could such crimes as burglary and homicide be traced to prohibition. Crimes of this sort had their origin in other sources, entirely independent of federal control of intoxicating liquor. Some increase in serious crime had usually followed in the train of war. This had been true in other countries in the present case. "It is quite possible," the Federal Council of Churches suggested in 1925, "that the effect of prohibition is really shown in the retardation of the post-war crime reaction[21]."



The livest dead stump we ever saw

Meantime, while commitments to federal and state prisons were increasing, so were bank deposits, wages, corporation profits, real estate values, the assets of building and loan associations, the production figures of American factories and the prices of common stocks.

It is characteristic of the whole argument over the social effects of prohibition that immediately the position of the two factions was reversed. It was now the wets who insisted that it was unfair to drag prohibition into the argument as an explanation of prosperity, and the drys who discovered here clear proof of cause and effect which they had been unable to find in the case of prohibition and the prisons.

On both sides the argument was familiar.

To the wets it seemed certain that prosperity was the result of influences wholly remote from prohibition. In support of this contention they cited the fact that most of the large cities, where prohibition was unpopular and unsuccessfully enforced, were at this time enjoying unusual prosperity, with high wages and rising values, whereas the rural sections of the country, which favored the law and more nearly observed it, were bitterly complaining of hard times, insisting that farm values had depreciated to the extent of fifteen or twenty billion dollars and demanding prompt relief from Congress.

To the drys, the plight of the farmer was a political affair, but the prosperity of the towns was the clear result of prohibition. This new law had fostered sober habits. It had therefore promoted efficiency in industry and set new standards of production. It had saved for more useful purposes the two billion dollars which had been spent for liquor in the days before the War and diverted this money to the building of homes, the purchase of bonds and the acquisition of radios and motor cars.

On this theory of prohibition as the guiding genius of prosperity, the drys erected a super-structure of claims which were fully as broad and as sweeping as the contrary claims of those wets who indicted prohibition as the sole cause of a crime wave which had filled the prisons till their doors burst.

To Mr. Wheeler it seemed clear that prohibition was primarily responsible for the gain in bank deposits, the issuance of an increasingly large number of life insurance policies and the vigor of the building boom which appeared in 1924[22]. Prohibition had "eliminated pauperism and the slums which clustered around their creator, the saloon[23]." It was the principal factor in financing "vast expenditures on motion pictures, athletic equipment and other wholesome entertainment," in "sending throngs of youths and girls to high school and college by eliminating the liquor drain on the family purse" and in "making roads safe for the four million automobiles manufactured last year, many of which were bought by former impoverished drinkers[24]."

These views were shared in other

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17. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 173.
18. *New York Times*, November 27, 1924.
19. *Prisoners in State and Federal Prisons and Reformatories, 1926*, Bureau of Census, 1929, p. 5.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
21. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 378.
22. *New York Times*, November 27, 1924.
23. *New York Times*, January 16, 1926.
24. *New York Times*, December 25, 1923.

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A Jail for a Lady

By HOWARD MINGOS

THERE is a new building in Greenwich Village, the bohemian section of New York City, a huge building fronting a solid block with buff-colored bricks forming terraces and piling floor upon floor until twelve stories above the street they shade off into a gentle pink with penthouses and roof gardens in the very latest New York manner.

It is something to look at, this edifice, and so attractive to the casual eye that women out on a shopping spree invariably pause to stare, finally take it for a modern apartment house and try to get in to ask about rentals.

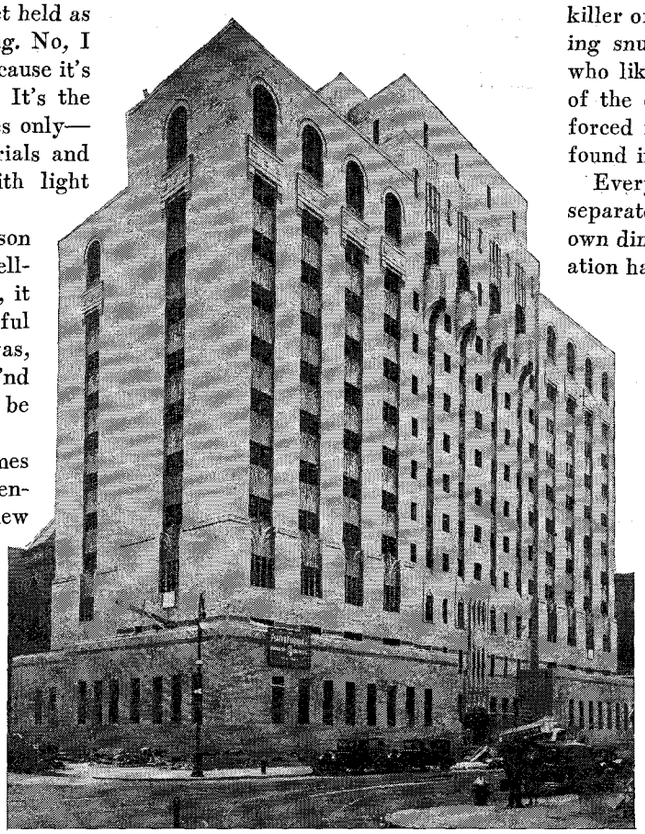
"You're outa luck, ladies," says the policeman on that beat, an old veteran who always comes up smiling. "You gotta kill your man to get in there. Or otherwise run foul th' law or get held as a material witness or something. No, I didn't say 'contention house' because it's not the usual kind of a home. It's the new detention house for females only—them as is waiting for their trials and also them as gets let off with light sentences.

"Takes th' place of old Jefferson Market Prison. That was a hell-hole for you. Stood right here, it did. I could tell you some awful things. A woman's prison it was, all thrown in together, young 'nd old, bad 'nd good—well, this'll be a great place, won't it."

Compared to other jails, homes and refuges for women in this enlightened country New York's new house of detention will be a palace. It may in time obliterate the horrible memories of Jefferson Market—antiquated, over-crowded, dark and narrow cells with hard cots only two feet wide, very often two inmates on a single cot, indifferent food, no decent recreation, unspeakably vile company and the sickening prison odor which penetrates the skin and clings forever.

They called old Jefferson Market the finishing school, meaning that a girl locked up in the depraved society of drug addicts, prostitutes, thieves and killers awaiting trial would surely emerge past all redemption. Yet it was no worse than other institutions of its kind. Women under duress have always received less consideration than caged animals.

Now the cold and calloused city of New York, if you believe half the tommyrot about it, the monstrous city with the flinty heart, is pioneering in a magnificently thorough attempt to rehabilitate the unfortunate creatures that the world calls fallen. Of late the metropolis has had more than its normal share. They have doubled in number during the last decade. Nearly three thousand each year are convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors. They come from everywhere; and when the house of detention is opened early in the new year they will have another incentive for waiting until they can get into New York to be arrested.



New York's new house of detention for women

A lady can enter this abode without encountering the rabble. The prison van will take her into the back yard and out of sight of the curious. She enters the lobby and registers, guided solely by women attendants among whom, take it from Richard C. Patterson, Jr., the Commissioner of Corrections, courtesy will be the watchword.

Of course, there will be the formality of donning a uniform, but that along with the Bertillon measurements and recording of personal data will be no more arduous than passing through any beauty parlor. From there she will be assigned to her room, and what a room! Strictly private, six feet by ten and eight feet high, with a real bed, white sheets and soft blankets, a dressing table, mirrors, toilet articles, hot and cold running water in every room, shower and tub baths nearby, soft monolithic floors and walls of terra-cotta—not the slightest prison odor anywhere—all outside rooms, each with its own window. The panes of glass will be small and deceptively sheathed in steel so that there will be no bars to wound the sensibilities of your shoplifter or killer of husbands. Nor will she risk being snubbed by some lily of the field who like herself happens to be a guest of the city. There will be none of the forced intermingling of social elements found in the ordinary hotel.

Every floor will be divided into two separate units, each part will have its own dining room, gymnasium and recreation hall with everything from radio to sewing machines, motion pictures, flowers. Each newcomer will live among her own kind. The first offender will meet only first offenders. With them she will eat and talk and work and play. Even in the exercise yards on the roof each class will be segregated from the others by wire mesh screens; and only birds of a feather will flock together in the chapel with its pipe organ and all.

Despite its size and cost of nearly two million dollars this new idea in woman's prison reform will accommodate fewer than 500 inmates at one time; and therein lies its overwhelming difference.

Half the women detained as delinquents are physically or mentally diseased and need special treatment. They will be housed on the five upper floors which form a complete hospital. While each patient will enjoy her private room and the same privileges as the others downstairs she will receive thorough medical attention from resident physicians and surgeons, mostly women, trained nurses, a dentist, even

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The Stream of Business

Mergers and Prices

By FRANK A. FALL

AFTER an intensive study of business consolidations during the period from 1900 to 1925, the National Industrial Conference Board goes on record to the effect that the net results were good. Improvements in productive efficiency and the stimulus to technical progress for which mergers have been largely if not entirely responsible have made possible lower prices for the consumer and steadier employment for the worker.

In the opinion of the Board's research experts, consolidations in general achieved a measurable degree of superiority in production over the independent producers with whom they were in competition. Whether the same may be said of distribution is a very different question, and one which was not included in the scope of the Board's survey.

Nor is the record so clear in connection with the financial success of the merged enterprises. From that point of view their experience was just about the same as that of the independents. Some made big profits as they expanded, some managed to do fairly well, and some failed ignominiously.

Consolidations apparently have had a moderating influence on short-term fluctuations,—particularly on those that are seasonal. To this extent they tend to stabilize prices. It is to be hoped that the National Industrial Conference Board will, in due time, continue its studies and cover the 1925-1930 period, but in any event it is entitled to credit for an important piece of economic research. The merger movement is still strong, and studies in this field are invaluable.

Good News from Abroad

AS DOUBTING Thomases are still with us, probably not every one will accept the statement of Vice-president Mooney of General Motors that actual conditions in Europe are not as bad as they are painted, but those who know this level-headed young executive and give him a high rating as a student of business conditions will get a considerable amount of comfort from his latest report.

After visiting England, France, Germany, Denmark, Poland and Russia, Mr. Mooney said that while political disturbances still persist, they are superficial, and the danger of their leading to serious complications is negligible.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 30—82.4. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) October 30—72.7.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 18—931,085 (reduction of 23,789 under preceding week and of 230,690 under same week of last year).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended October 25—50% of capacity (reduction of 3.5% under preceding week and of 29% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended October 25—daily average gross 2,378,200 barrels (increase of 7,450 over preceding week; reduction of 491,500 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended October 25—783,000 bushels (reduction of 725,000 under preceding week and of 824,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 30—$8,389,019,000 (reduction of 14.8% under preceding week and of 60.6% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 30—502 (increase of 11 over preceding week and of 88 over same week of 1929).

The volume of General Motors business in Europe this year, from the corporation's American, Canadian and English sources, will exceed $60,000,000. This is, as Mr. Mooney says, "quite a respectable volume of business after all."

In Copenhagen Mr. Mooney attended the opening ceremonies of a new plant which cost $2,000,000 and which is said to be the most modern and best equipped of its type in the world. It was started in 1929, and building operations were continued on full schedules in spite of the depression. This is a combination of faith and works which might well be used as a text and followed as an example from San Francisco to Istanbul.

Vagaries—Series 10

WHILE we were hitting the business trail through the southern and mid-western states, the Secretary for Vagaries carried on with the departmental scissors, and readers of the Outlook continued to send in business oddities. We are therefore able to add to the chronicle:

1. That 103-year-old Negro of Joplin, Missouri, whom a census enumerator found "temporarily out of work," and resting at the home of his janitor offspring, aged 82.

2. That Canadian corporation, manufacturing industrial alcohol, which informed its stockholders that because the Canadian government had closed the border the company was compelled to concentrate on its "ocean business."

3. That party staged in Hyde Park, London, as a demonstration in favor of dress reform for men. Old Man Weather attended, bringing rain and an icy wind, and utterly routed the ten bare-headed Spartans who appeared in shorts, decolleté shirts and sandals.

4. That prospective cut in the price of germanium, now selling at $1,000 a pound. This metal, whose value arises chiefly from its remarkable rust-resisting qualities, will be produced at lower cost because of discoveries made in metallurgical research.

5. That clash between fox-raising and aviation in Nebraska. Owners of a silver fox farm have brought suit for $40,000 damages against an air transport company, alleging that low-flying planes scared 56 foxes to death.

The Corporate Who's Who

THE new edition of *Directory of Directors in the City of New York* (Directory of Directors Co. $20) contains the names of more than 43,000 directors having business addresses in Greater New York. Of these, about 6,500 are new names.

This publication, which is a much thumbed deskbook in thousands of business offices, first appeared in 1898, when the list contained 13,000 names. The roster has increased with the phenomenal expansion of American business, and now constitutes a recognized roll of honor in commerce and finance.

Of the 6,500 whose names appear for the first time in the 1930-31 edition, about 2,000 are connected with banks and investment houses. The development of the newer industries is indicated by a marked increase in the number of directors listed in the utility, restaurant and motion picture fields.

The Appendix contains selected lists of banking and insurance corporations, arranged alphabetically and accompanied in each case by the names of the company's principal officers and all of its directors or trustees.

The volume contains nearly 1,200 pages and is attractively bound in red cloth with gold stamping. The price is amply justified by the fact that purchasers are buying not a book but an indispensable service.

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▶▶ A Year After the Panic ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

ALMOST exactly a year ago—to wit, on November 13, 1919—the greatest of all panics in Wall Street reached its climax. For three weeks preceding this date the stock market had been shaken by a series of violent crashes, and then on a black Wednesday came the final débâcle which carried prices so low that it was necessary to go back two years to find a comparable level. But now, twelve months after that trying period, it is no longer necessary to travel backward to find a similar scale of market values; for we have had one right at hand in recent prices.

In short, during the past month the prices of stocks have sagged below the level touched on the wildest day of the panic. This means that for a year we have really had a bear market in stocks, although many market observers have accepted this conclusion only within the past sixty days. It is a curious fact that while the general trend of prices has been downward in this period, the movement for about half the time has been upward. Every decline, however, has been more abrupt than the preceding advance, and the net result has been a substantial recession.

We are now sufficiently removed from these events to be able to appraise some of their social and economic consequences. Just as the great bull market of 1928-29 wrought changes in the habits, standards and mental reactions of several million people, so this recent bear movement is also having its effects on their daily lives and thoughts.

Perhaps the most important by-product of the bear market is the vanishing of those illusions which formed the basis of much of the previous speculative mania. The preachments of the new-era economists about everlasting and ever-expanding prosperity are no longer taken seriously. Many who a year ago were jeering at the business cycle as an exploded myth now not only admit its existence but even speak of it with respect. Painful as have been the experiences of the many who invested not wisely but too confidently, the great jolt which has destroyed their illusions has brought a return of something like economic sanity.

Another important by-product is political. The tone of the election campaign this autumn would have been quite different if there had been no bear market in Wall Street. The prosperity talk of the political orators of 1928 would not stand repetition in 1930. For once the speakers of both major parties have agreed that no party has a monopoly of the country's prosperity. A wider realization of this obvious fact is a good thing for the nation, although it is regrettable that the acquisition of this information has been so costly.

Still another by-product appears in a change in consumer psychology. Even those investors in stocks who have sustained no actual losses, who hold gilt-edged securities with an average market value substantially above the average purchase price, have a feeling that they are much poorer today than they were a year ago. On paper, of course, they are poorer, and because of this sense of loss they are holding on to their money more tightly than when their hypothetical wealth was greater.

Other investors, meantime, have undergone real losses, and they too are economizing. Along with their curtailed expenditure consumers are giving other evidence of greater prudence. More life insurance has been written since the break in the stock market than during the boom, and savings deposits, which were shrinking when small traders by the thousand were tempted to take a flyer in stocks, began to increase once more when the stock market grew thin.

NATURALLY, too, there has been some decrease in the once prevalent stock-mindedness of the American people. The big break in pieces a year ago did not immediately destroy the public preference for stocks as compared with fixed-income securities, but the bond market has been growing gradually stronger as prices of stocks have weakened. Early this year there was a widespread belief that the slump in stocks was over and that the market offered some good bargains, and many of those who had suffered in the collapse of October-November hoped by another venture to recoup their losses. In the first quarter of 1930, therefore, the market showed considerable buoyancy, but the upturn was short-lived, and public participation in the trading has since fallen off sharply. Perhaps the best available evidence of the abatement of stock-mindedness appears in the slump in the prices of seats on the New York Stock Exchange. At the height of the boom last year a seat sold for the record price of $625,000; about a fortnight ago another was sold for $217,000.

The recent hysteria against short-selling and the talk of legislation to prohibit it may be regarded as another by-product of the bear market. Some writers in all seriousness have referred to the organization of a "new bear party" in Wall Street which is supposed to be engineering artificial deflation in ways that are dark and devious. They seem to overlook the fact that every short-seller becomes a prospective buyer and that a large short interest in the market is an element of technical strength. The Stock Exchange officials themselves went on a bear hunt about a month ago, but even while they were gunning for the varmints prices continued to recede.

Still another result of the drop in stock values appears in the enormous shrinkage in the volume of speculative credit. Within the past year brokers' loans have declined by more than $4,000,000,000, and they are now back to where they stood four years ago. The shrinkage during four weeks of October, 1930, was in excess of $600,000,000. This shows quite clearly that the weakness in the stock market was not merely the result of speculative selling by the "new bear party," but represented the actual liquidation of holdings which had been carried with borrowed money.

The Federal Treasury is also beginning to feel the effects of the bear market, and it is destined to feel them still more during the coming year. In recent years the proportion of taxable income due to capital gains—mostly speculative profits—has steadily increased. With the collapse of stock-market inflation the taxpayers have few such gains to report, but they have losses to write off. The effects will be most evident in the returns of income to be made to the Treasury next March. Meantime, the government is obtaining some slight compensation for this loss of revenue in the lower rate of interest it now pays on its short-term borrowing, compared with what it had to pay at the peak of the boom.

Such are a few by-products of the year's bear market in stocks. The ultimate effect is for the future to determine, and it will depend on when the bear market ends and on how it ends.

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▶▶ Southern Football's Challenge ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

GOING Caesar's Gaul one better, the football map of America is divided into four parts. In the canvas-jacketed Nineties, when men affected chrysanthemum haircuts and quilted shoulders, the East dominated the gridiron. American Rugby was cradled on the Atlantic Seaboard.

With the introduction of the forward pass, the Middle West, quick to exploit the possibilities of the open game, achieved football ascendancy.

Corn Belt coaches, a progressive, radical lot, were perfecting forward pass technique while conservative Easterners muttered "heresy" and bewailed the vanished mass play era.

In time the hinterland became a bit complacent and the star of football empire moved farther westward—clear to the Pacific Coast in fact. Since the World War, the Far West has enjoyed gridiron hegemony. An ideal climate, a concentration of rugged material in a relatively few great universities, and an influx of the brightest minds in the coaching profession—these have been factors in putting the Pacific Coast region atop the football roost.

And what of the South? For forty years they've been playing fundamentally sound football below the Mason-Dixon line, but the enervating heat, the distribution of players among many comparatively small colleges, and a sectional isolation—a provincialism difficult to break down—have hampered the march of southern football to its place in the sun.

The deep South, that glamorous land of tinkling mint-juleps, trellised verandas, magnolia-scented evenings, softly slurred inflections and thinly veiled memories of the Civil War, has had its McWhorters, Struppers, Mayers, Gammons, Barrons, Wyckoffs, Coadys, Tichenors, McMillins, Bomars, Huberts, Harlans, Bankers, McEvers and countless other individual headliners. Dixie has had its occasional great elevens such as the Golden Tornadoes from Tech' and the Crimson Tides of Alabama, but not until recently has the southern sector, as a whole, seriously contested the gridiron supremacy of the northern zones.

The year 1930 sees the South make its first collective bid for regional football leadership. With the campaign more than half over, no section of the United States has produced more high grade elevens than the once solid South.

Statistics are notoriously untrustworthy, yet the scores of intersectional games to date paint a composite picture vastly satisfying to southern pride.

Notre Dame, Southern California, Washington State, and Northwestern may be stronger than any single team in Dixie, but, taken as a whole, the South need doff its leather headguard to no other sector. What district can boast a dozen teams which, in the aggregate, surpass Georgia, Alabama, Tulane, Kentucky, Vanderbilt, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland, Florida, Southern Methodist, Western Maryland and Clemson? This formidable array doesn't include such accomplished elevens as South Carolina, Duke, Texas, Rice, Texas Christian and Oklahoma.

Those who consign the South to the nethermost rung of the sectional ladder had better ponder these 1930 results: Georgia, 18, Yale, 14; (including an illegal touchdown by the Elis); Vanderbilt, 33, Minnesota, 7; Alabama, 12, Vanderbilt, 7; Florida, 19, Chicago, 0; Duke, 18, Navy, 0; Western Maryland, 10, Georgetown, 0.

Notre Dame, apparently the finest eleven Rockne has yet produced, steamrollered Pittsburgh and Carnegie, but had a narrow escape from defeat at the hands of Southern Methodist's air-minded eleven. A last minute touchdown saved the Irish bacon.

Vanderbilt slaughtered Minnesota which held Stanford scoreless, whereupon Alabama drubbed "Vandy."

Georgia has beaten Yale three times in the last four years. Texas is no longer the "lone star state." Yes, suh, the ole South is lookin' up.

WHILE the eastern and midwestern teams have made a sorry showing against the pick of the Pacific Coast in post-season games, a southern eleven has yet to lose a Rose Bowl battle. Alabama beat a mighty Washington Team and tied one of Stanford's best. Georgia Tech', aided by Roy Riegels' "reverse run," conquered California two years ago. Accustomed to midsummer heat, the southerners do not wilt under Pasadena's torrid sun.

Football in the deep South presents incongruous aspects, is invested with a romantic glamour, a medieval pageantry, long forgotten in the East. The summer setting strikes the northerner as anything but appropriate. The players are silhouetted against a whitish background of shirt-sleeved spectators. You might suppose you had wandered into a baseball bleacher on an August afternoon except for the number of honey tongued girls, who checker the stands with dabs of color. Sheer summer frocks of voile, muslin, organdie and chiffon are the vogue. Fans are wafted languidly. College banners are flaunted garishly, for your Dixie enthusiast, male or female, is not ashamed to brandish a pennant.

"Get-your-winning-colors" is not shouted into heedless ears down where cotton pods stipple the fields and mellow "corn" sloshes in hip flasks. Self-consciousness has banished flag waving here in the East, but the College Widow atmosphere so dear to the playwright's heart still prevails below the Mason-Dixon line.

Ice cream vendors do a rushing business at southern football games. Cold drink counters are mobbed. "Coca Cola, lemonade, orange pop!" is a familiar chant.

If spectators suffer from the heat you can picture what the players endure when the thermometer soars above seventy. Southern evenings are cool in autumn, but that Dixie sun at high noon is all that the mammy song crooners claim. The writer, mopping his brow in the press box at last year's Yale-Georgia game, wondered how the unfortunate combatants could survive such strenuous exertion. The Elis shriveled like the violets worn by their feminine sympathizers, but the heart hardened youngsters from Georgia's red clay hills seemed to revel in the humidity.

Southern football players wear the lightest protective equipment that can be devised. Unessential pads are discarded. Stockings are unknown. Jersies are extra thin. Trousers are fashioned of a lightweight silk composition. Bare legged they prance upon the field to tackle, run and block with a ferocity, a devil may care abandon rarely seen in the North. This element of reckless audacity, a neck or nothing bravado, makes an indelible impression upon the visitor. Frenzy is the keynote of southern football.

Mild mannered, hospitable, almost lackadaisical off the field, southern boys

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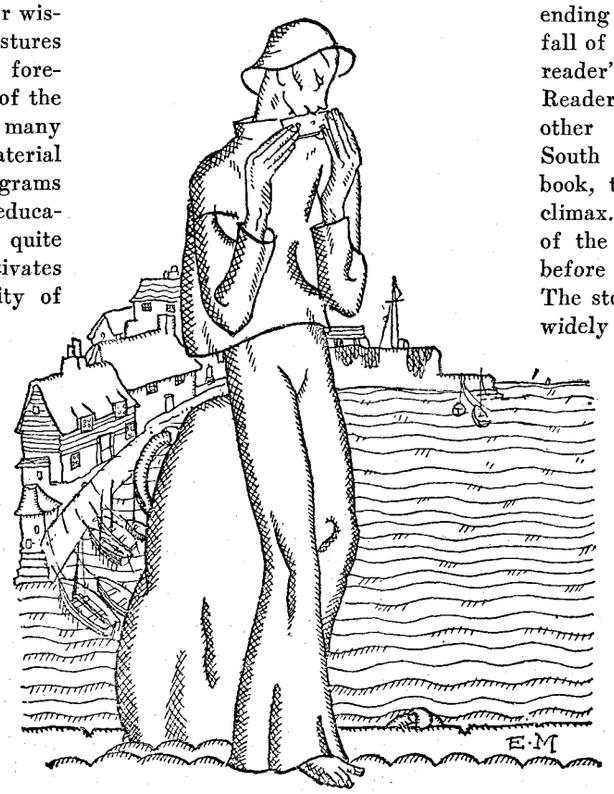
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

"THE Marks of an Educated Man" by Albert E. Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill $3) has appeared on the *Most Discussed Books* list. That was to be expected. "Get educated quick" is a slogan almost as powerful as "get rich quick." Any book which promises to show a man how he may appear to be educated is bound to sell. In a recent review, we quoted the tenets of the two schools of education: "Education for power and service," "Education for wisdom and character." In spite of gestures toward the second school in his foreword, Mr. Wiggam is a follower of the first. His book contains a great many practical ideas. There is useful material in the chapters of schooling programs and on experiences with adult education. But nothing goes deep. It is quite true that an educated man "cultivates an open mind;" genuine liberality of mind, like genuine simplicity of heart and genuine clarity of thought, are synonymous with education. And an educated man "listens to the man who knows," "never laughs at new ideas" and "knows it is never too late to learn." But he also has certain standards of culture and taste which are not perfectly flexible, and he often feels himself obliged to dissent from the opinions of "the man who knows," and from the "new idea." He is more likely to know that his education gives him certain responsibilities than to feel that it allows him certain opportunities. But there is surely some question as to his knowing "the secret of getting along with other people," and cultivating "the habit of success"—those are rather the qualities of the man who wants to make a show of education than of an educated man. And when Mr. Wiggam writes of the educated man's "building an ambition picture to fit his abilities," surely he treads on dangerous ground for a popular interpreter of wisdom. In a democracy all abilities are equal. And with such words as "the educated man always tries to feel the emotion that he ought to feel" the author opens a huge field of speculation. Of whom shall the educated man ask what emotion he ought to feel? But all this is carping criticism. Mr. Wiggam's book does what he meant it to do when he "sat down to dictate" it. It appeals to popular taste. It is a book of etiquette for the would-be educated. The ideas are presented in primer fashion, brightened up with little stories, each with a moral tag. And there are sets of questions and answers, charts whereby the reader can check his educational progress. But, in his endeavor to write for popular taste, of which he evidently has a poor opinion, Mr. Wiggam has found it necessary to be not only trivial and cheap but also ungrammatical. Or is respect for the English language perhaps not one of the marks of an educated man? Such meretricious books should not be written. They serve not only to "make ignorance arrogant" but also to confuse simple souls who are earnestly trying to find out what education is and how it will enrich their lives. One of the marks of an educated man is that he does not waste time on such books.



Jacket by Elizabeth Montgomery design for "The Best Poems of 1930" selected by Thomas Moult (Harcourt, Brace)

"PO' BUCKRA" by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney (Macmillan $2.50) is a novel with so much to recommend it that it is a pity it could not have been carried to a greater dramatic height. In character and atmosphere it is admirable, but the action progresses by jerks, some of them painfully melodramatic, to a weak ending which produces so lamentable a fall of interest that it tends to color the reader's opinion of the whole book. Readers of *Mamba's Daughters,* another highly melodramatic novel of South Carolina, will recall that that book, too, closed on a dreadful anti-climax. But, there, the central theme of the story had been nobly resolved before the unlucky coda was attached. The story of *Po' Buckra* is that of two widely separated castes of the South Carolina Coast. There are the Beaufains of the Barony plantation of whose spirit Judith is the symbol, and there is the "brass-ankle" of Hell Hole. A "brass-ankle" is a mongrel of the most dangerous kind. In his veins the bloods of early settlers, Spanish, Portuguese, Anglo-Saxon, mingles with Indian blood and Negro. His soul is the scene of every atrocity which race-war engenders. Barty Grunson's (from Grandison) encounter, as a lad, with Rene Beaufain and his sister, Judith, and the encouragement of his frankly black aunt, 'Mericky, decides his subsequent career. He gives up the ease of being a Negro and "passes" as a poor white or po' buckra. Eventually fate and the hardships of post-world-war life throw him and Judith Beaufain together. A tragic end was necessary to such a story. But not the end which is given it. Life requires, indeed seldom admits, a full-stop at the end of a tragedy. But a novel, and especially a novel which uses plot as one of its basic elements, must come to an end. At the end of *Po' Buckra* neither of its leading

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characters has found peace, in fulfillment, or in resignation, or in death.

"A Short History of Julia" by Isa Glenn (Knopf $2.50). There is a searing quality in Isa Glenn's irony which makes the reader of her novels flinch. All the skill of her writing, all her understanding of character and motives cannot draw him past a certain point in his approach to her novels. *A Short History of Julia* is a study in the making of an old maid. Although it has to do with southern aristocrats and their Negro servants, it is as different as possible from *Po' Buckra*. Where one novel is melodramatic and sentimental, the other is detached and cold. White Julia and black Cynthia grow side by side, the one through tempestuous passion about the effect of which she is perfectly articulate, the other through tight-lipped and only partly understood disappointment, to a calm acceptance of life. The study of these two women is made against a superb background of characters whose colorless exteriors mask vaguely rebellious hearts. Submission to code and polite desperation in the face of all the petty horrors of a kind of life that has outlasted its time are the outstanding qualities of the "King Street" people. Only old Mammy Patty is a creature of noble proportions. This novel makes little appeal to the imagination. The tragedies of its characters affect one not at all. But it keeps the mind alert. Your mind cannot be a sluggard if you are going to follow, with Isa Glenn, the tortuous path of psychological speculation. In her work admirable dialogue, unobtrusive description and a smooth style compliment objective characterizations and unswerving irony.

"Cakes and Ale" by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran $2) has found its way onto the Most Discussed Books list. The compound adjective applies more accurately to it than to most best sellers. There is a good deal to discuss about *Cakes and Ale*. The story has to do with the discoveries made by the widow of a great Victorian novelist in the course of researches in preparation for biography. There has been a first marriage and it has been unhappy. The cause of its unhappiness is the heart of the novel. We see the first wife, a vivid, buxom, shameless creature, as a young woman, giving herself with gusto to the men who please her. We see her again as a crone, and are reminded of Villon's poem of the old prostitute. The sincerity and the tonic bitterness of Maugham's writing are at their healthiest in this sympathetically presented picture. The discussable points of the book are elsewhere. Is Driffield Hardy? He seems very like it. With tongue in cheek Maugham might be saying that the great novelist was great only because he lived so long. But if so, it is scarcely ethical to have mixed fact about Hardy so closely with fiction about Driffield. Other characters in the book are obviously painted direct from life. There is a vicious and highly entertaining portrait of a living English novelist, whose appearance in the book provides the opportunity for a satiric description of the literary life in London. And in the family friend who is able to furnish so many details of the old scandal of Driffield's first marriage, one recognizes the novelist who went to Paris, in *The Moon and Sixpence*, to find out what Strickland was doing and why. This is the novelist who wrote a great novel in his youth and has since been writing only clever ones. *Cakes and Ale* is a clever one. But it will hardly go onto the shelf beside *Of Human Bondage*.

"Great Oaks" by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton $2) is a group of short stories, connected by interludes in which the scene returns to present. Each story has to do with one period in the history of an island off the coast of Georgia which has been the scene of Jesuit mission, pirate raid, Indian attack, planter's enterprise and so on. The stories are not especially striking, although they might have been. The descriptive passages are overloaded with stock phrases and the whole book has a pedestrian quality as though the author's usual skill had deserted him and as if, for all that he loves and knows the country of which he writes, he could not put his emotion into effective words or his knowledge into picturesque form.

"India, Land of the Black Pagoda" by Lowell Thomas (Century $4) is a record of an elaborate journey written from the point of view which might be expected of an accomplished reporter of adventure in far-off places who seeks to entertain and succeeds in so doing. At present, we are accustomed to looking in books on India for propaganda of one sort or another, for judgments and for panaceas. Mr. Thomas leaves all this mercifully alone. The most he

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says by way of prophecy is, writing of Gandhi, "Nations, like individuals, have periods of sleep and periods of activity. . . . When India has yawned herself wide-awake she will clap her 320,000,000 hands and the mosquitoes of Anglo-Saxon western bureaucracy will disappear." Except for a few such lines, eminently calm, the book is a lively account of things, people and places seen and of tales heard. The illustrations are fine, and the book, we presume, will go into the hand-bags of this winter's travelers to India.

"WOMEN AND MONKS" by Joseph Kallinikov, translated from the German by Patrick Kirwan (Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75). We may as well admit at once that among the books which we have attempted to review in the last three years this is one of the two which we have been unable to read through. It seems to us to possess all the faults of Russian fiction without any of its great virtues. There is in it sensuality ad nauseam and talk ad infinitum. The theme is one which was very popular during the late Middle Ages and Renaissance and seems to be of perennial interest in priest-ridden countries. It is sufficiently explained by the title, although the fact is that the title hardly suggests the ground covered by the novel, which presents a full picture of many phases of Russian life before the War and through the first years of the Soviet revolution. Parts of the book, and they are by far the most interesting parts, were suppressed in the Russian edition. They have to do with revolutionary scenes and activities. We were able to read about half of the eight hundred and fifty pages of this novel, skipping about sufficiently to get a pretty good idea of the general heaviness of style and sameness of content. One no sooner becomes interested in an episode that promises to be different than a women enters the scene, then a monk. Then we retire.

"OVER THE HILLS" by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown $2.50) is a romantic tale of Scotland during the Jacobite quarrels. A witch's early prophesy for the hero, that he would know "journeyings . . . dangers . . . love and hate and bloodshed . . . shame and grief and great joy," is fulfilled in the tale, which is not quite so loaded with sickly love-scenes and high-falutin' talk as some of this author's other novels.

"WOLSEY" by Hilaire Belloc (Lippincott $3) is one of the few good biographies of the fall. For a "hack," as Belloc has more than once described himself, he writes fine English. Journalistic writing has made his style compact; it has not made it vulgar. Wolsey is one of those great historical characters which always provoke didactic biography. Cavendish, his earliest and greatest biographer, wrote in the sixteenth century with the didactic purpose of proving the impermanence of earthly grandeur and the dangers of ambition. To a certain extent, Belloc has the same purpose. But chiefly he seeks to show Wolsey as a "great example of those who do mightily yet cannot see what they are doing and who stand on the edge of doom with no vision of its approach." The doom upon the edge of which Wolsey stood was the disunion of European civilization which followed upon the collapse of Roman Catholic power. Belloc is, of course, a Catholic historian. His interpretations of English history, some of them a good deal more controversial than this, are often at variance with those of the great Protestant historians. They offer the serious student of history an admirable antidote to much of Froude, for instance. To Belloc, Anne Boleyn, who provoked the greatest divorce in history, Catherine of Aragon, whose "inflexibility of purpose and standard more than any other factor decided the great business of the English schism," Clement, the Pope of the divorce, but most of all Wolsey, "who had it in his power, had he but known his chances, to save our world," are responsible for the "shipwreck of Christendom." Belloc charges Wolsey with two defects, which caused his failure. "He had no vision. The thing of the moment absorbed him." This was a defect of intelligence. The other was a defect of will. He was ambitious. Belloc's biography is all that it should be in the matter of historical background and illuminating detail. It may be read with especial pleasure by those who read Hackett's Henry the Eighth. Hackett and Belloc differ widely in their estimates of many of the characters involved. Curiously enough, Wolsey's personality is still more powerful than the arguments of his biographers. Cavendish certainly was no apologist for him, yet, from his pages Wolsey rises to claim and hold the sympathy of every reader. The same is true of Belloc's even less flattering picture. Wolsey was ambitious. "By that sin fell the angels. How can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?" Many have so hoped, and fallen even as Wolsey did. But no petty men.

F. L. R.

STILL another book has been added to the rapidly increasing material from which you may select your aviation library. Lippincott's latest addition to their One Hour Series is Captain Norman Macmillan's *An Hour of Aviation* ($1). Although the book is brief it really is not designed for the casual reader but rather for the student of flying or for one having an active interest in aviation. The first half of the book concerns itself with atmosphere, navigation, and operation discussed in such a technical fashion as to hold the interest of none but the student. Captain Macmillan has devoted the balance of the text to a consideration of types of aircraft, the construction of aircraft as an industry, commercial air transport, military aviation, private flying, etc. The book is a compact little one that you can slip into your pocket and you should have it if you are an enthusiast.

LIEUTENANT TOWNSEND GRIFFIS has done a corking good book about the Hawaiian Islands in his *When You Go to Hawaii* (Houghton Mifflin $3.50). Although Griffis, who is an officer in the Army Air Corps, was in the Islands only a few years while stationed there on "foreign duty," he has seen more, as is so frequently the case, than the oldtimer who has lived there a lifetime. Many books have been written about the Hawaiian Islands but this is the first so-called guide book. The publishers say of it that it does for Hawaii what Clara Laughlin has done for Europe in her So You're Going series. But in this reviewer's opinion he has done even more. The book is delightful at the same time that it is comprehensive and dependable. It is geography, history, botany, description and general information blended in such a skillful fashion that the more prosaic aspects are unconsciously absorbed along with an account of Hawaii's many fascinations. What makes the book of particular value is the fact that it shows the tourist and the new resident as well, how to get under the surface of Hawaii and how to share experiences which commonly would have been available to only an oldtimer. It seems unfortunate that a better selection of illustrations was not made when so many enchanting ones are available. But the book is excellent, something that Hawaii has been needing for a long time and surely the thing that you are needing if a trip to Hawaii is in the offing.

B. W.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Case of the Missing Sandals,** by Nancy Barr Mavity: Crime Club.
Novel: **Po' Buckra,** by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gillard Stoney: Macmillan.
Biography: **Wolsey,** by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott.
Miscellaneous: **India—Land of the Black Pagoda,** by Lowell Thomas: Century.

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Race Relations and Unemployment

As Seen in Recent Books

IN 1926 a group of outstanding educators, scientists and welfare workers organized the National Interracial Conference for the purpose of studying the Negro problem in the United States. The members of this distinguished committee, both Negroes and whites, set themselves seriously to the task of bringing the facts out into the open. Dr. Charles S. Johnson, director of this project, has just published the findings. This volume, *The Negro in American Civilization* (Holt, $4), is an entertaining and informing document. Since the War there have been numerous reports and surveys on the Negro question, but this is undoubtedly the most responsible and comprehensive diagnosis that has yet appeared.

Not the least of the virtues of this study is its frankness. Dr. Johnson, himself a Negro, is a scientist of the first water. Whether he is reporting on Negro health, mortality, crime, vice, educability or housing, he takes his data as they come. And they are not always flattering to the Negro. The importance of this study for the facts assembled is however of less social significance than the conference itself. When leaders of two races can labor in committee meetings four years to come to some intelligent understanding about racial relations, that is an achievement. That they were able to agree on some concrete suggestions renders the effort of double importance.

What Johnson has done in a general way, giving us a bird's eye view of the whole problem, Louise V. Kennedy has done with a single phase of that problem. *The Negro Peasant Turns Cityward* (Columbia Press, $4.25) is an intimate examination of the recent exodus of colored workers out of the cotton fields into the urban centers, particularly in the North. In his old habitat the Negro was fairly well adjusted, but in the metropolitan city he mires in the slough of maladjustment. The difficulties that befall the Negro in his new environment, so far as they involve migrations, are extensively treated in Kennedy's monograph.

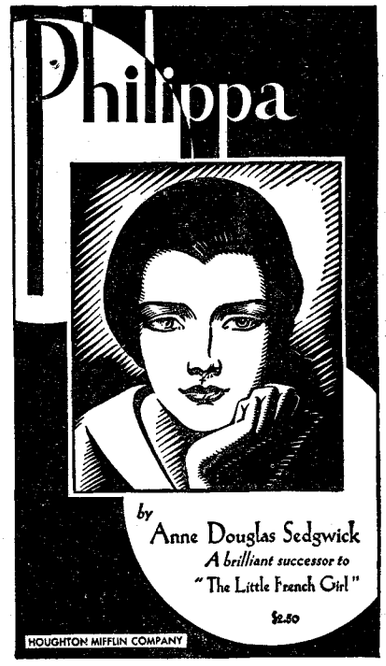
Both books conclude that the Negro's future is not altogether a depressing one. He is not going to remain in the "place" to which the spirit of the Old South has consigned him. The Negro is rising out of the peasant class, just as all farmers are leaving that plane under the influence of urbanism. It is not going to help much for the Old South to become panicky and frustrated. Both books agree that in the urban North the Negro gains his freedom but he loses his equilibrium. The tolerance he enjoys could not exist in the South, but in the end he learns that what seemed to be tolerance was only urban indifference. He must shift for himself and take his chances.

For his new freedom the Negro is paying a terrible toll in health, mortality, family stability; in fact, he settles into most any pathological rut, but already there are evidences that he will find his way out. The point made in both volumes under review is that with such frank approaches as these adjustment could be speeded and much friction avoided. Surely, this is good sense, and even a southern colonel would have to admit it.

This baffling race problem is in many respects an employment problem. A million Negroes migrating into the cities was as much a menace to the rural South they abandoned as to the urban North they invaded. Basically most industrial migrations are but symptoms of the employment problem, and that itself was never more baffling than at present. Sir William Beverage, head of the London School of Economics, published his classic work on *Unemployment* in 1909. At that time he recognized a relationship between employment and migration but only in the local sense of going from job to job. After twenty years of experience with the problem both as educator and government official, Beverage has republished his book (Longmans, $7.50), bringing it up to the very front line of the unemployment issue. Even a casual comparison of this with the earlier editions reveals how the world of industry has changed, and what strides social science has had to make to keep abreast!

Beverage no longer considers the unemployment problem as a local issue, but a world phenomenon commensurate with a world-wide labor market and the world-wide migrations of capital. In 1909 he was not ready to admit that unemployment was involved in the problem of population. But this is 1930. Industry is prostrate. The old analyses no longer explain, and Beverage is seeking his answer in world economics. Of course this is not new, but it's good to hear the labor economists come around to such a view.

While Beverage is as theoretical and statistical as he is profound, his treatment of the problem is none the less remote. His is the impersonal, dispassionate lan-



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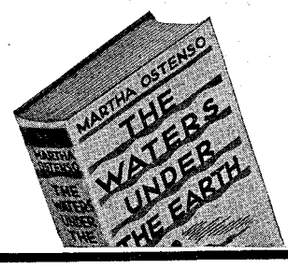

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. A group of new stories about the Forsytes. Reviewed October 29.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Seed, by Charles Norris: Doubleday Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

The Conquest of Happiness, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. To be reviewed later by Florence Guy Seabury.

Mary Baker Eddy, by L. P. Powell: Macmillan. Brief review in this issue.

Our Times: Pre-War America, by Mark Sullivan: Scribner's. To be reviewed later.

Jeb Stuart, by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.: Scribner's. To be reviewed next week.

▸▸*In This Issue*◂◂

LOUIS STARK has long specialized in labor and social conditions for the New York *Times.* His latest contributions to the Outlook were, "Old at Forty," and "Two: On the Aisle."

BARBARA BROWN who gives her impressions of the great American "slanguage" in this issue, is a resident of the Panama Canal Zone and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

DARWIN TEILHET is a former resident of Philadelphia and is now in the employ of one of the largest advertising agencies in San Francisco. Mr. Teilhet's latest contribution to the Outlook was "Drought in the Social Register."

▸▸*Next Week*◂◂

Hoover and Wall Street, by Lawrence Sullivan.

The author reviews the history of the bull market prior to the crash of 1929 and shows how control of the national financial structure passed from the Federal Reserve System to the stock exchange operators. In the light of history, he declares, March 4, 1929, marked the end of "the new economic era."

Al Capone—1950, by Rebecca West.

The newly married English writer states her impressions of the men of the post-war generation. Her theory is that they have tended toward effeminacy and that in the next generation they may do terrible things, merely to prove to women that men are, after all, the dominant sex.

Salesmen of Violence, by Willie Snow Ethridge.

Lynching has increased and inter-racial feeling is running high in several southern states, the author claims. The American Fascisti Association and Order of Black Shirts has already been formed and is fomenting anti-Negro sentiment. Although the Negroes are generally charged with assault when lynchings occur, the underlying causes of the racial hostility are economic and exaggerated by the current business depression.

The Great Enforcement Drive, by Charles Merz.

In Part VIII of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz deals with the employment by the federal government of poisonous denaturants and under-cover agents in the attempt to find some method of prohibition enforcement to replace the older methods of "drive" and padlock which by 1926 had already proven ineffectual.

guage of science. Fundamental and important as that is, yet it conveys to the reader nothing of the pangs of the breadline. Being jobless is one thing in the abstract, and quite another in reality. On such a problem we all have opinions and in expressing those opinions most of us are guilty of a good deal of bad judgment, often of downright smugness. To cure smugness one should read *Some Folks Won't Work,* by Clinch Calkins (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). This is a collection of cases of men out of work, real accounts of real people. What do people do as little by little their economic security slips away? What do they sell first? In the order of their self-denials what wants are the last to survive? Painful as these stories are, they are nothing if not revealing.

As for the race problem, we are a long way toward a solution when with the aid of scientific candor we have learned to face the facts and discuss them. The employment problem is not so easy. There is no short way out, though of proposals there is no end. Gilbert Slater in a series of lectures just published on *Poverty and the State* (Richard R. Smith, $4), examines unemployment in its relation to other social problems from the standpoint of treatment. He discusses post-war efforts in England to relieve the jobless. If he throws little light on the nature of the problem, at least he convinces us that most of our proposed "cures" are shortsighted. What we need is science and organization guided by research.

NELS ANDERSON.

Behind the Blurbs

DO YOU realize that you utter some 70,000 words every day in your life? As many as there are in a fair-sized novel? So Barrington Hall tells us in his *Modern Conversation*[1]. If true, this seems to us by far the most important thing in the book. It has been said that every man has at least one good novel in him,—but a novel a day! It's an appalling thought. Another thing Mr. Hall says is that with 200 words you can make every one with whom you are acquainted angry or pleased, happy or miserable, your friend or your enemy. When we read this we picked out 200 good words and tried them out. Our conclusion is that Mr. Hall has overestimated. Before we had counted to ten, in several cases, we had got our reaction, —a reaction so violent that, in one instance, we took the door frame with us when we left. Even one well aimed word will bring results—But we aren't telling you much about the book. It's amusingly written, and it tells you how to use your daily 70,000 to the best advantage: how to tell a story, to squelch, to enter or leave a room, to listen, to flatter, to shock, and so on. There are even tests by which you can determine your conversational type. One statement, however, made us shake our head doubtfully. In telling stories, "your stories need by no means be true. It is your privilege to lie if you need to in the cause of art." This, it seems to us, is one of the secrets of the trade,—one of those things the amateur will find out for himself if he ever becomes really proficient. The lie that has no motive but to please should be handled only by a professional. To give this advice to all and sundry is to raise a crop of amateur liars, telling in great detail stories of things that didn't happen. Sticking to the truth at least imposes some limits on tiresome and unskilled talkers. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Open Secret*[2] is still a secret to this reviewer, who while acknowledging the finesse of the writing and the excellent management of the characters, still feels that it is not his fault that he never got the essential clue which would have let him see specifically what it was all about. Halsey Vibart, innocently involved in some pretty serious political plotting, fell desperately in love with a blue-eyed plottress, and ran some pretty serious risks for her sake before he finally lost her. So much is clear, but it is as far as we can go. Undoubtedly we are meant to share his bewilderment, but a continuously bewildered hero through whose eyes only we must view the world is a rather tiresome companion through several hundred pages. The worst of it is that the characters—Halsey, Clarry, Bettine, B.-G. and the rest—are alive. But we never knew what they were really up to. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Camera Obscura*[3] is a collection of William Bolitho's essays, many of them from the columns of the New York *World.* The subjects are diverse—speakeasies, Van Gogh, Grover Whalen, Foch, the subway, to list a few, and each he touches with a fresh viewpoint and a new interest. His death was a great loss to journalism, for in his writing it reached a very high level. ♣ ♣ ♣ Captain William Morris Barnes is an honest, hard-fisted, old sea captain of eighty, with a sense of humor and a gift for telling a story. In *When Ships Were Ships*[4] he gives us the reminiscences of sixty years of seafaring—spoken into the dictaphone in his own words—and it's a grand story. Nearly 500 pages of it, and our interest never flagged once.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
2. By Oliver Onions: Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.
3. Simon & Schuster, $2.50.
4. A. & C. Boni, $3.00.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Feet First"

HAROLD LLOYD is up to his old tricks again, hanging onto a painter's scaffold fifteen floors above the street, clinging by his fingers to ornaments on the stonework and hanging by his heels from the frame of a broken awning. Frequently he is funny and more often he is hair-raising, but never, alas, does he do anything we have not already seen a dozen times. Perhaps I am getting old and crochety, for I remember distinctly that Lloyd was once the delight of my young life, but I think the truth is that both Lloyd and his audiences have come to the end of this particular kind of comedy. Most of the action takes place on an ocean liner on which Lloyd, a shoe clerk, is delivering a package. Barbara Kent is the heroine. As usual he wins not only the girl but a good job.

"Check and Double Check"

Amos 'n' Andy, the blackface comedians who made the radio famous, may now be seen as well as heard in a mild little comedy called *Check and Double Check*. If you are an old Amos 'n' Andy addict, nothing I can say will keep you away from this movie—and if you are *not* acclimatized to "sho, sho," "I'se regusted," and "propelition," the chances are you will not go to see them anyway. As comedies go it isn't bad. The children in the audience howled. The grownups on the other hand were not quite so enthusiastic. *Check and Double Check* is really pretty tepid stuff telling how the boys spent the night in a "haunted" house and accidentally discovered a valuable paper. They are first seen at a session of the Mystic Knights of the Sea, presided over by the Kingfish, an important character in the Amos 'n' Andy saga. Neither Madame Queen nor Ruby appear but love interest is furnished by pretty Sue Carol and Charles Morton. Irene Rich is wasted in a minor rôle.

"Two Hearts in Waltz Time"

Believe it or not, a German film operetta is now going the rounds in this country, which is extremely amusing and filled with lovely Viennese waltz tunes. Moreover, you do not need to understand a word of German to follow the story. Most important of all, however, seems to me the zest and enthusiasm with which the actors fling themselves into their work. They are actually joyous about it. The secret may lie in the fact that *Two Hearts in Waltz Time* is the first film of a new company and that it was made for a mere $45,000, a sum which a Hollywood magnate wouldn't even stoop to pick up.

"Playboy of Paris"

Hats off ladies and gentlemen, flags at half mast and a roll of drums if you please; Maurice Chevalier, the lighthearted Frenchman, is no more. In his place we have a stereotyped silk-hatted comedian who plays drunk and behaves just as all second rate American comedians behave. He sings one song with such localisms as "the first hundred years are the hardest," "It's a great life if you don't weaken," and "what the heck," and he talks a great deal about true love, in the regulation Hollywood manner. *Playboy of Paris* is faintly amusing in spots, but the machine has got hold of Chevalier and squeezed all the personality out of him. I suppose this is an example of efficiency and "international art."

"Kismet"

Nineteen years ago Edward Knoblock wrote a play about Hajj the beggar who sat before the mosque and cried for alms, alms for the love of Allah. It was, and is, done in flowery old prose full of poetic turns and twists. Back in 1911 these were considered not only dramatic as anything but simply smoky with the incense of the mysterious Orient. Mr. Skinner for all his seventy-two years holds up as well as ever—but *Kismet* is old-fashioned, theatrical, and dusty. Its showy eloquences and Mr. Skinner's rolling R's somehow belong to another day.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: A fine, honest war film based on Remarque's well known book.
Hell's Angels: The story and acting are terrible but the Zeppelin raid over London is exciting stuff.
Outward Bound: The old stage play about life after death, well acted by a superior cast.
Murder: A British mystery thriller which is a real motion picture, and skillfully done.
What a Widow! Gloria Swanson swishing about in slinky clothes and looking like Gloria Swanson.
Young Woodley: An English schoolboy falls in love with his headmaster's wife.

Disappointments

The Big Trail: A successor to the *Covered Wagon* which never seems to matter very much.
Billy the Kid: King Vidor's story of an early settler is only another "western."
War Nurse: A war story in which the nurses kill the patients with cheap wisecracks.

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▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

PEOPLE who complain that all shows look pretty much alike should certainly go to see *Roar China,* the play from the Russian through the German with which the Theatre Guild has started its 1930 season. To present M. Tretyakov's dramatic indictment of Anglo-Saxon mistreatment of the Chinese they have had to tear out three or four rows of seats in the Martin Beck Theatre to make way for steps and platforms, they have installed a tank of real water in which to float a battleship and drown an American business man, and they have hired forty-three Chinese actors in addition to a more than ordinarily numerous Occidental troupe.

Roar China is packed with pretty nearly every kind of action you can think of. Revolvers and rifles are fired, a dance is held on the deck of the battleship while coolies and boatmen cower on shore, the boats sail in and out, two Chinese are gruesomely executed by strangulation in full view of the audience, and the battleship itself moves in a few feet nearer land while its cannon is trained on the shore (in this case the auditorium of the theatre) in preparation for a bombardment. It is all very nerve-racking and terrifying. It is also all perfectly ridiculous if you can get your mind off the action long enough to listen to the dialogue.

Herbert Biberman, who has spent several recent summers in Russia, has staged the play and, while I have not been there, his production certainly agrees with my preconceived notion of what Bolshevik drama is like. Mr. Lee Simonson's setting is, I must say, a compromise. A fairly realistic battleship, such as might have been seen in the old days of the Hippodrome, takes up the upstage center part of the scene. There is water on both sides and in front of the bow of the ship on which the little sailboats glide to and fro. The forestage, which represents the shore, is on different levels, permitting striking groupings of the players in the approved constructivist manner. Thus Mr. Simonson's compromise is between the representational—in his battleship, his small boats, and his costumes—and the constructivist or expressionistic—in his imaginatively formalized forestage. It is, however, a compromise which suits the purposes of the presentation.

There is nothing half way, though, about the author's dramatization of what we are assured by the program was an actual incident, or about the director's treatment of it. It seems that an American business man was at some time or other drowned in a Chinese harbor and the captain of a British warship insisted on not only apologies from the Chinese authorities for the crime of which some unidentified natives were supposed to be guilty, but made the Chinese execute two innocent coolies in expiation. This, of course, seemed even to the down-trodden Orientals to be too much of a bad thing, so they got together and resolved to free China from the yoke of the hated Anglo-Saxon oppressors.

According to M. Tretyakov, all Englishmen are cruel, grasping, and drunken, and all Americans loud, ignorant and brutal. The Chinese are noble, intelligent, and innocent of anything but the highest motives for anything. In other words, neither English, Americans or Chinese are human beings. But, of course, it would be impossible to introduce that many characters in a story of the nature of *Roar China* and have any great amount of shading in characterization. As in the old-fashioned melodramas in nearer countries than Russia, also intended for ignorant, uneducated and undiscriminating audiences, the hero must be really heroic, the heroine impeccably sweet and pure, and the villain truly base. This the director, Mr. Biberman, has imparted to the cast, and, in addition to handling his crowds notably well, he has seen to it that no actor leaves you in any doubt as to which side of the fence he stands on. Don't go to see *Roar China* with any idea of clarifying your knowledge of the Chinese problem. Go to it expecting to see a vigorous presentation of a large chunk of Soviet propaganda and you will not be disappointed — especially from the point of view of stagecraft. Your reaction will depend largely upon what measure of sympathy you have for the Soviet experiment.

Recommended Current Shows

Bad Girl: Successful dramatization of the novel with Paul Kelly and Sylvia Sidney.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook in Donald Ogden Stewart's musical comedy. What you would expect.
Girl Crazy: Words and music by the Gershwin brothers at their best. Willie Howard and Ethel Merman to put it over.
Mrs. Moonlight: English romantic comedy beautifully done.
Once in a Lifetime: Hollywood subjected to hilarious ridicule.
That's Gratitude: Frank Craven's pleasant, homely comedy well played.
This One Man: By far the season's most interesting and exciting play. Splendid cast headed by Paul Muni.
Twelfth Night: Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine, and Raymond Sovey's sets making Shakespearian comedy practically painless.
Up Pops the Devil: Literal presentation of Greenwich Village life made very funny.
Flying High, Strictly Dishonorable, and **The Green Pastures** are the three worthy holdovers from last year.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Alone

WHEN she left the big house, the world talked a great lot; and is talking some, no doubt, to this present moment.

For she was a young woman, then. Also, consider the house. What an amount of talking it must have done for itself! Thousands of square feet of carpet: "We cannot be trodden upon for years and all those roads forgotten." Bits and monuments of furniture complaining: "We have been used; you don't care for us?" A hundred windows calling to her, "We showed you life—remember? Didn't we show you life?"

When it became evident that she was deaf to it, that she no longer cared who swept or polished, who served or locked the heavy doors at night, the house took on a more intimate tone, whispering how she had suffered here—how she had been imprisoned. How alien. How she had moved through wealth and luxury with a distant look, seeking something, here. But presently since it could appeal neither to conscience nor sentiment, and not at all to weakness, the house allowed its mouth to hang open and talked, in dust and emptiness, behind her back.

For she was a headstrong young woman and rich; and had the notion that she could do as she pleased. From the way she hurriedly ran out and locked the door behind her any bystander (turning casually to watch from across the street) might have had the fancy that she pushed the house away from her, turning from it with her hand up as though it might fall upon her, when she would never be able to struggle through the débris to the surface again.

What was it, the voices behind her were probably shouting, that she was running to? She was highborn, she was rich. She was throwing her life away. But they could see that words meant nothing to her! Her eyes took on a blind look even while they were speaking. As though their words obscured what she was looking at!

The words might well have followed her, she ran so fast. But stopped suddenly as though a wall had tripped her. And stood quite still holding her hand out quietly to a small animal, a stray mongrel of the streets. For, the animals said nothing to her, ever, they held their tongues. They ate and loved and slept, and if they had found what she was looking for they never troubled to explain. They only looked at her and wagged their tails, or bent their heads and purred. And this one, as she started on again, settled into a steady trot and followed her.

She traveled straight, on foot, by train, on foot once more until she reached the cottage.

It was a small cottage in the country, so small that one person could live comfortably in it, alone. One person could sweep it, could cook her meals and wash the dishes, and feed the animals that might stray in. One person, living in it, could be independent of great houses, of society.

But what was she looking for? Asked the neighbors who at once began to talk. Was it peace? Was the lady ill? Was it a religious experience the lady wanted? Or to recover from a disappointment in love? And it wasn't natural for a human being not to take to other human beings—nor want to live like other decent people—nor want the pleasures could be bought with money.

When they saw grand relatives drive up, the neighbors rushed to their windows and held their breath; or passed the cottage slowly, eyes dropped and slanting. "She bars her doors to them," whispered the neighbors, "and bolts her windows not to hear them talk."

Only the animals she coaxed inside; and the animals never spoke a word. When she went visiting she visited the poor. But the poor speak a simple language of hunger and thin clothing. The poor ask honestly for life while there is time. She grew dependent finally on the poor, answering their questions with what she had. She grew dependent on the animals that crept under the gate or hung around the door. She must have grown dependent finally on loneliness.

For days the windows had been closed, the door unopened. For a week the neighbors watched uneasily until police broke in to search the cottage.

A mongrel dog was crouching just inside the door, and met them savagely.

"The dog, he almost spoke," reported the policemen afterwards, "he almost says don't touch her! For God's sake leave her be."

But they got to her in spite of him. They stood and gazed at a middle aged woman lying alone, dead of some quick strange malady; with a look upon her face as though she had escaped them to run after something invisible and untellable—something as indescribable, perhaps, as her own soul.

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▶▶ Henry McFee ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

SOME months ago a well-known critic exploded a bomb in art circles by publishing an article in which he maintained that modern painters have no minds. He had reached that conclusion, he wrote, after observing the modern American artist's preoccupation with foreign subjects and methods, and his lack of interest in the material immediately at hand.

Perhaps it is not necessary for a painter to have a mind if he can feel deeply enough. And perhaps it is not even necessary to feel deeply, if one is a great master of technique. However that may be, our critic's pessimism might have been greatly diluted had he given more consideration to Henry Lee McFee. For McFee is an artist who is not only a superb craftsman in paint, but who, in addition to a deep feeling for the poetry of life, is possessed of a probing, interrogating mental attitude toward modern problems.

McFee's external life has been uneventful, possessing none of those lush details so welcome to the superficial biographer of artists and so titilating to those who think of an artist's life as a gaudy evolution from romantic poverty to gilded bohemianism. There are many painters whose careers might fit into that mold, but the monastic McFee is not one. He is interesting as that comparatively rare type of artist whose entire life is to be measured only in terms of his art. Many things have happened inside him, but the externals are few and relatively unimportant. He was born in St. Louis forty-four years ago. He studied for a time at the School of Fine Arts there, later attended the Stevenson Art School in Pittsburgh and in the summer of 1907 came to Woodstock, N. Y., to study at the School of Landscape Painting maintained by the Art Students League. Today, some twenty years later, McFee makes his home at Woodstock.

At that time he inherited an income of about sixty dollars a month and with that modest protection against want, settled down to a serious study of the art of painting. The earnest, probing attitude of the student that marked McFee's early days is still one of his most pronounced characteristics, notwithstanding the fact that he is today accepted as one of the country's foremost painters and has pictures in a dozen important museums and in many private collections.

That McFee is a man with a mind susceptible to ideas is evidenced by his frank statement that the greatest external influences on his development as an artist have come from books.

"I early realized that a merely sympathetic reproduction of nature didn't satisfy me," he relates. "I was in a state of uncertainty when I read Berenson's work on the Florentine painters. That clarified my half-formed ideas and pointed out the essentials in painting, opening for me an entirely new field of thought and experiment."

The writings of Roger Fry, Clive Bell, Steiglitz, the German moderns and Kandinsky were duly assayed, with the result that McFee's direction as an artist was already well determined long before the famous Armory Show of 1914 shocked Americans with their first full view of modern painting. Thus when McFee first exhibited in 1912 and in 1916 the champions of modern art in this country could with entire justice hail him as one of the foremost exemplars of the new art, an artist who had come abreast of many of the very best European contemporaries without ever having studied away from his native America. It was no mean personal triumph.

The beauty of the country and the comparative seclusion it offered for study and work have kept McFee at Woodstock ever since he first went there in 1907. There too he met and married his wife. McFee is a solidly built man of perhaps slightly less than average height, with curly brown hair and a brown beard that give him a severe professional air. His face is brown, too, but that coloring he acquired from his devotion to golf. When his friends at Woodstock don't find him at his studio on late summer afternoons they knowingly turn toward the nearby country club links. His other favorite diversion is to gather with friends for prolonged and earnest discussion of problems of aesthetics.

ALTHOUGH he is a profound and well-informed student of aesthetics and the intellectual problems of painting, McFee combines with this a deep interest and love for the every day visual world that surrounds him. His canvas is confined to no particular subject. It is this combination that our pessimistic critic was mourning as absent from contemporary American painting. A glance at McFee might indicate that our critic's report, like that of Mr. Clemens' death, was perhaps greatly exaggerated.

The Curse of White Collar Babies

(Continued from Page 413)

marry at all during a total period of 25 years! Late marriages contribute to a lower birth rate. Only 70 per cent of the married graduates had children. The number of children averaged a little less than two to a family. Survey of the class of 1917 of Yale revealed only an average of one child per graduate. The Princeton class of the same year averaged 1.5 children each. No wonder Dr. Raymond Pearl, of John Hopkins University, exclaimed, "The wrong kind of people have too many children and the right kind too few!"

The disturbing problem of the intellectual minority's diminishing birth rate cannot be solved by attacking the medical profession. One really cannot expect a man, even if he is as unselfish as the average doctor, to starve himself to bring babies into the world more cheaply. Already the mounting corruption of unintelligent leadership seems to indicate that it is the state's concern, certainly not the doctors', whether or not its future will be governed by hysterical, incompetent minds.

A Jail for a Lady

(Continued from Page 422)

a psychiatrist and a psychologist, not forgetting the operating room, surgical ward, X-ray department and the solarium on the roof.

From the sub-basement to penthouses the idea has been to provide an environment for the prisoners calculated to win back their self-respect. Commissioner Patterson's work in the penal houses of New York has been that of the humanitarian and he sincerely believes in restoring to decent society the men and women who have served time.

Something of the sort has been talked about for twenty years but a dozen or more welfare societies held divergent opinions as to what was needed and no definite plan could be projected. But Patterson succeeded in reconciling all the different views and the policies of the various social service groups are coordinated here for the first time.

So it is a pioneering achievement to be followed closely by other cities, and too, something for the harassed Walker administration to brag about; and it is very proud of the new institution. To show that they mean business the officials have taken it out of politics. They promise to pick the personnel from among trained administrators no matter where they find them; and they are now seeking the woman best qualified for the job as warden.

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The Great American Slanguage

(Continued from Page 417)

enough to demonstrate my opinion that our American talk is in a sad state of immodesty and bad taste.

Now, how has this rising tide of slang fastened like a leech on the American tongues? Who and what is responsible for our new Slanguage? Two main things perhaps; the War started it and the moving pictures completely finished it.

It is a popular custom to blame everything blamable on the War. But our millions of soldiers spoke a new vocabulary of slang. Composed of all classes and kinds of men, with everybody and everything in a hurry, language was reduced to its simplest terms. Expressive words were coined in a second's time. Our boys and men and girls found it easier to understand each other in slang rather than in the language set forth in English grammars. Slang was more expressive, and at the time it was.

The War over, this jargon might (I say, might) have died out. Without a doubt a few words and expressions would have survived to be added to the proportionately small number of slang words that have been clever enough, smartly expressive enough, to have become incorporated in our language, but the movies changed all that.

On the silver screen has been flashed again and again every slang word and collection of slang words used before, during, and after the War, with an ever increasing crop garnered by their own scenario writers. From the cradle to the grave, the people of these United States go to the movies, and the screen has taught them Slanguage.

In addition, a younger brother industry has had its share in this education. The lusty radio has done its part. As much as we enjoy Amos and Andy, we did prefer the old-fashioned, never to be equalled, "Yes, mother, yes, father," from our children instead of the prevailing, "Sho, sho."

A lesser subsidiary is the newspaper comic. Most of them are terrible and the Slanguage almost a travesty on itself.

Having stated a grievance and tried to fix the responsibility where it belongs, it still remains for me to tap an original source, and to lay the blame for starting it all on one man, no less a person than Francis Scott Key! What word has echoed through homes and schools, at meetings and parties, on playgrounds and byways, up and down the corridors of hotels in this country and abroad. The word, SAY. Who started it?

"Oh, SAY can you see by the dawn's early light?"

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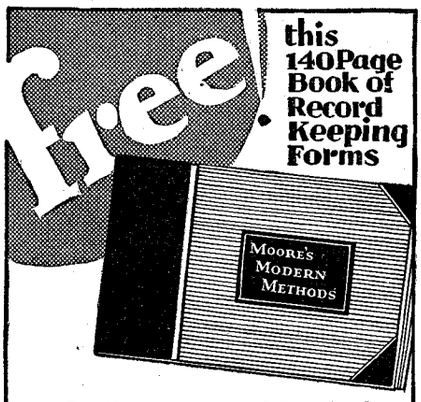

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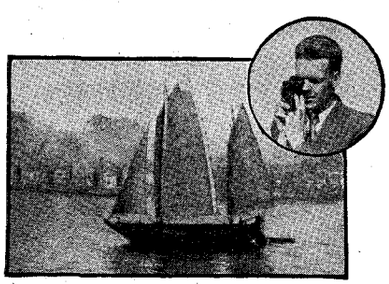

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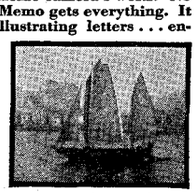

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Southern Football's Challenge

(Continued from Page 425)

are metamorphosed when the whistle shrills. They work themselves up to an emotional pitch rarely reached in colder, stolider climates.

Don't get the idea that southerners transgress the football code or resort to dirty tactics. I stress the primitive fury of their play simply because it is the distinguishing mark of football in Dixie, a heritage from the powder blackened days when the ancestors of these boys, clad in butternut and tattered gray, raised the rebel yell at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

"These southern kids," said a Harvard tackle, as he nursed his bruises, "don't seem to know the war is over." Fifty-six years after Appomatox, a team from tiny Center College in Kentucky's blue-gray hills, romped into the Harvard Stadium and conquered a Crimson eleven which included Charles Buell and George Owen.

Uncle Charley Moran, a picturesque jack of all trades, coached that Center team. In the dressing room before the game, Moran, according to legend, gathered his players around him and said: "Harvard has treated you boys swell. They've dined you at Boston's best hotels and entertained you like kings, but when you go out on that field today don't forget this—every one of those Yankees votes the straight Republican ticket!"

Center's yellow-jersied warriors didn't forget. They attacked with a verve, a militant *elan* characteristic of southern teams. They defended their hard earned touchdown with a doggedness symbolized by Vonalbalde Gammon, Georgia '98. As Gammon was being supported to the sidelines, fatally hurt by a flying tackle, the Georgia captain, not realizing the serious nature of Gammon's injury, shouted: "You aren't going to quit, are you, Von?"

"No, Bill," gasped Gammon, "I've got too much Georgia grit for that!" Those were the last words he ever spoke, but they are echoed by every southern team which takes the field.

THE ardor which distinguishes southern combatants is paralleled among the lookers-on. Your typical "old grad" of the Nineties who bewails the blasé indifference of the young moderns at Harvard and Yale, would find Dixie a football paradise.

The "rah rah spirit" is still rampant in the Southland. Southern students have not yet adopted the sophisticated pose affected by their eastern contemporaries. The former still go in for "pep meetings," brass band rallies, torch light parades, victory bonfires, and feminine sponsors for the football team.

To your sophisticated eastern university undergraduate, this sophomoric hysteria would have seemed exceedingly naïve and prep-schoolish, but I suspect that the very intensity of the southern will to win, ingenuous though it be, is communicated to southern football players.

Scoff at rah-rahism all you please—it remains the stuff of which football victories are made. Ask Yale men of the 1888-1907 vintage.

Jobs for Jobless

(Continued from Page 416)

employers and employees now exists in the men's clothing industry in New York, Rochester and Chicago. This method is advocated by the American Federation of Labor and some of the latter's unions have such joint arrangements. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a pioneer in this method, is not in the federation.

Unemployment insurance such as that set up several months ago in the plants of the General Electric Company, whereby employer and employee each pay one per cent of the wage into a fund, might head off the cry for unemployment insurance by government edict if it were to gain general acceptance, but that hardly seems likely as this form of unemployment insurance has affected no more than about 200,000 workers out of our enormous wage-earning population.

Perhaps the very latest plan to create steady employment and failing that, to provide unemployment relief, was announced at the recent convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. According to this plan, formulated by five plants in Fond du Lac, Michigan, the companies agree to give work to all employees between the ages of 21 and 60 who have been continuously employed for two years or more. When employment cannot be provided the wage-earners will participate in cash unemployment benefits amounting to 65 per cent of the average wage and not to exceed 100 working days in the aggregate. As the rules and regulations before me do not say how the unemployment fund shall be made up, I assume the entire expense will be borne by the employer. The plan allows any company to withdraw at the end of any year if the company is called upon to pay out "so large an amount of cash benefits that its continuance may cause the company to become financially em-

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barrassed or sustain a loss of financial credit or lead to a possible business crisis or business failure."

So much for the general program of labor, industry and the communities.

Having set forth at some length the program of relief I will now briefly summarize some of the suggestions being advanced to cover a long-range attack on the unemployment problem. Side by side with millions of adults we find at least a million child workers between the ages of ten and sixteen "gainfully employed." Raising the age level for children to enter industry and adequate child labor laws strictly enforced would relieve the idle fathers of these children of much worry and competition and would materially assist the youngsters themselves for their tussles with life later.

Ten million women are now in industry, for the most part not because they want to compete with their husbands (of course, some work for pin money) but because families now require at least two wage-earners to keep up with the automobile-radio-electric-refrigerator standard of life. What can be done about this? No glib answer can avail. Certainly organization of women side by side with men in trade unions would help to equalize wages.

The lowering death rate has kept more adults in industry than formerly. Yet the march of the machine is displacing the older workers rapidly. The average worker cannot save enough during his work-life for care in his old age. As one old man remarked when he was asked if he had not saved up enough for a rainy day, "I saved up for a rainy day all right but it rained too many days." And then came a tale of illness and troubles that wiped out his slender financial margin. Extension of the system of old age insurance now in force in eleven states would help this phase of the problem.

In some industries, notably soft coal, competition has led to low wage scales, elimination of profits and industrial creeping paralysis. Amendment of the anti-trust laws to cover such cases is in order.

While the figures probably show that the nation's housing needs have, in the main, been met, the cost of new housing has been beyond the means of large groups in the low wage-earning class. The need still exists for a plan of so massing credit as to enable the working man with low income to have modern dwelling space at reasonable rentals. That this cannot be accomplished under private construction has been amply proved in the last ten years of discussion and experimentation with the problem. Some form of co-operative enterprise offers a solution and examples of success appear in New York where co-operative apartments, returning a normal interest rate, have been erected under the direction of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. Co-operative housing, which has hardly scratched the surface, would put many in the construction industry to work.

Some form of unemployment insurance, introduced by industry and managed jointly by industry and representatives of the wage-earners, is bound to come in time. Such a system would be a voluntary affair, lacking in the features which make, to an extent, the British and German system partake of a "dole." Obviously industry will not put such a plan into effect until the states or federal government pass legislation directing it to do so. The rest would be in the hands of committees of employers and workers who would work out an American plan of unemployment insurance without state or governmental interference or supervision. The existence of municipal and state political machines with their insatiable appetite for patronage would make the administration of compulsory insurance under federal or state supervision a football of politics and worse, unless extraordinary safeguards are thrown over the disbursement of funds.

The foregoing method of unemployment insurance, of which a beginning has been made in the plans previously described, would tend to eliminate the American "dole" system of private or public relief and would free industry from the worry of more drastic state action.

In his provocative book *Rationalization and Unemployment*, J. A. Hobson points out that the economic surplus should be employed to produce more and better workers as well as more and better plants—by paying wages above the subsistence level and by a better apportionment of income between owners and workers. The malady, being one of distribution of income, Hobson's remedies are higher wages, meaning increased purchasing power, prices so regulated as to insure an expansion of markets and taxation which prevents too much surplus capital from accumulating while at the same time it adds to the real income of the workers through various social services. He denies that high taxation adds to the cost of production, raises prices and restricts markets because "its real incidence is for the most part upon what we have termed surplus income and surplus property in the sense that such income and property are not engaged in furnishing the costs

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of maintenance or of serviceable expansion of the productive factors."

If less is invested in productive plant and more in ways that add to the purchasing power, he says, "the new capitalism, without any radical change in industrial government other than the possession or control of certain key industries by public authorities, might continue to operate."

Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, set forth much the same argument, in a different way, before the Seventh Conference of Major Industries at the University of Chicago on October 23, when he said that "the leadership that had developed our policies for using goods and for distributing wealth had proved inferior to the leadership that had developed our processes for making goods and producing wealth.

"We have evolved a machine economy that can, if we will but bring farsighted statesmanlike direction to it, emancipate the race from drudgery, lift the standard of physical well-being throughout the world and give mankind at least leisure in which to develop values that lie beyond economics, but the machine economy will never do these things unless and until the leadership of industry sees to it that a larger share of the national income is shifted into the pockets of the consumer and until the margin of leisure for the millions is markedly increased and if and when the leadership of industry assumes as one of its major duties increasing alike the income and the leisure of the millions, it will discover that as a by-product of this statesmanlike social ministry it has made greater profits than ever before in its history.

"A simple and single challenge lies coiled at the heart of this depression. Will the leadership of industry prove as capable in producing civilized consumption as it has proved itself capable in producing consumable commodities?"

In concluding Dr. Frank blamed the "general planlessness" of the past with its hastily improvised policies as being to blame for the current depression. If this trend is followed, he predicts that "we shall find ourselves tomorrow citizens of a fear-ridden future in which we shall be dragged at the heels of forces over which we shall be able to exert no more control than we exerted over the forces that brought about the market explosion in the fall of 1929."

The statements of Hobson and Frank raise the natural query—how can an economic order of general planlessness give way to one of planning for production? Some time back I pointed out that organized labor's program includes a suggestion for the setting up of a "National Economic Council." Here and there voices are being lifted in furtherance of such a proposal. The latest was that of a group of the Scripps-Howard editors who met at French Lick and urged upon political and business leaders the necessity "for a permanent general economic council to help put the nation's business upon a safe peacetime basis."

Can this be done? The answer would take more space than is at my disposal.

Before me lie two newspaper clippings, both from the New York *Times*. One dated Paris and the other Geneva. The first says that the world-wide depression has driven home to industrial and financial circles the necessity for a world conference to discuss remedies as any individual national scheme would fall short of its goal for the reason that the solution lies beyond the power of any one country. At such a conference the gold problem, reparations, tariffs and the fall of commodity prices would be taken up.

The second clipping discusses how much world peace depends on American wheat and cotton. The argument is too long even to be briefly summarized but the gist of it is that America's retention of the right to paralyze a blockade sanctioned by the League of Nations by insisting upon her neutral rights brings out the "basic weakness of the League's machine . . . more glaring than ever."

In other words, solution of the unemployment problem has world-wide implications for peace or war and, as Dr. Frank put it, the problem challenges "the worth and workability of the entire western economic organization."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of November 8, 1930

The subject to be discussed at the forthcoming 1950 Congress of American Economists will be "The Soviet Ten-Year Plan—is it Likely to Succeed?"

The Audit Bureau of Quality and Quantity Circulations in its latest quarterly report gives the net paid circulation of "The Hero Destroyer—the National Magazine that Punctures Reputations," as 402 copies.

Congressman Boone Compton's bill making compulsory the wearing of overshoes by all grade and high school pupils was wholeheartedly endorsed last week by the Public Health and Welfare Committee of the Rubber Footgear Manufacturers Association.

The Battle of Propaganda

(Continued from Page 421)

quarters and by other observers.

Mr. Irving Fisher submitted figures to a committee of Congress in 1926 to support the claim that prohibition now saved and added to the income of the United States six billion dollars a year "without counting any savings in the cost of jails, almshouses, asylums, etc., or any economic savings from reducing the death rate[25]."

The World League Against Alcoholism estimated that since arrests for intoxication had been reduced by 42.3 per cent as a result of prohibition, and since each arrest had cost $94 on the average, the country now saved nearly a hundred million dollars annually in this one item[26].

Major Roy A. Haynes found in the Eighteenth Amendment the fundamental explanation of America's position as creditor of a "drink-fettered Europe" and declared that prohibition had introduced a new régime in industry: "We are the only nation in the world without an unemployment problem[27]."

The proprietor of two thriving hairdressing shops in Washington was quoted in the press as saying: "It is very easy to trace the growth of the beauty parlor business to prohibition. When men drank, they were not so critical. Their wives and sweethearts looked attractive to them without the assistance of beauty parlors. Now, however, men remain clear-eyed all evening and notice wrinkles, pallor, straight hair and unsparkling eyes. As a result, the women are flocking to beauty parlors[28]."

At this point, it merely remained for some economist with a set of charts and a talent for round numbers to compute how many million or billion dollars a renaissance in the cosmetic trade had put in the pockets of a sober nation.

THE fact of the matter is, that while any one could believe what he wished to believe, and find ample evidence to uphold his convictions after he had reached them, a large part of the argument over the effect of prohibition on both prosperity and crime was not susceptible of proof. It was possible to feel deeply that prohibition must inevitably be an important factor in such questions; it was possible to demonstrate with towering sets of figures that this or that had happened to bank deposits or to building loans or to jail admit-

25. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 1022.
26. *New York Times*, November 24, 1924.
27. *New York Times*, August 11, 1923.
28. *New York Times*, April 13, 1922.

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tances, over one period of years as compared with another period of years; but to trace the precise responsibility from columns of figures back to prohibition, as a cause, was a procedure which did not lend itself to a scientific method when it was applied indiscriminately to thousands of individual cases as if they were all alike.

Even in the individual case itself, it was difficult to get back to single concrete causes in matters as complex and as involved as prosperity and crime. Psychologists might study for a year the record of a young criminal committed to prison by the courts and still feel uncertain—if they were good enough psychologists—precisely how much influence they could properly attach to pre-natal influence, to physical equipment, to inherited traits, to early environment, to later associations, to immediate temptation or to a variety of other factors which had little to do with intoxicating liquor or the Volstead Act.

If any one of these psychologists had suddenly announced that here was a case in which pre-natal influence did not matter, physical equipment did not matter, early training did not matter, environment did not matter, and nothing mattered save the fact that the United States now had a prohibition law, his colleagues would have laughed at him. Yet it was precisely without regard to the complex pattern of influences at work in the individual case that prohibition was denounced as the exclusive source of a new crime wave. It was precisely without regard to the complex pattern of such economic factors as the availability of ample credit, the increasing use of electrical power, the progress of mechanical science, the existence of a sound banking system, the purchasing power of other countries and the maintenance on a world scale of a satisfactory balance between production and consumption, that prohibition was acclaimed as the fountainhead of all prosperity.

The difficulty in arriving at indisputable conclusions about prohibition as a social and industrial influence lay deep down. Not only had such questions failed to receive more than passing notice from the great research societies and the scientific foundations which might have studied them with profit; not only did most of the fodder for this controversy come from partisan organizations which were concerned with the pleading of a special case and therefore not immune to self-deception; in addition, there were certain far-reaching questions concerning the results of prohibition which no amount of disinterested and expert research could have answered mathematically in 1925, with any equipment which science had yet made available for the measurement of men and institutions in the mass.

This fact, however, did not deter champions on either side from rushing into print with bulletins announcing ultimate conclusions. Year by year the controversy broadened. Year by year it increased in vigor and intensity as new claims were made, new documents piled up, new challenges rang out and new figures were scattered broadcast in an effort to capture the loyalty of a public which surveyed the results of this experiment from profoundly different points of view and some evidence of an increasing bitterness of feeling.

(To be continued)

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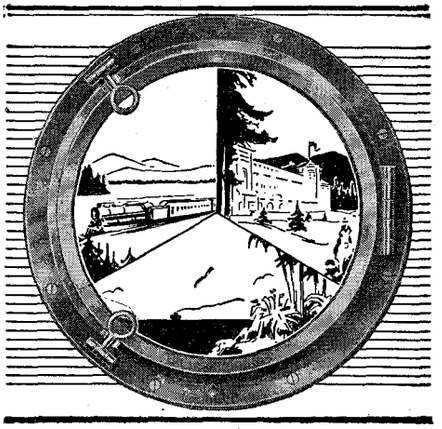

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With Our Readers

White Collar Unemployment

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—I absolutely agree with one of your utterances that President Hoover lost a wonderful opportunity to do something really constructive in helping to solve the unemployment situation by his failure to help Senator Wagner put his recent bills across. I endorse your stand one hundred and ten per cent.

As to the appointment of former Commissioner Woods to help the situation, my observations are that the problem is far too complex for Mr. Woods and any improvements made will be but a drop in the bucket.

The real sufferers today are the white collar classes. Schools and colleges are turning them out by the multitude. Business is absorbing the female of the species; then too, nobody has ever attempted to find out just how much work collegians and students in general are taking from the business world. In my humble opinion a large percentage of this work should be given to folks to whom it means bread and butter in preference to the training of future saxophone players, cheer leaders, and crossword puzzle solvers. Glance about you, in every office, more or less, one hears of married women working whose husbands earn sufficient to take care of both or the family. This is not a tirade against women in business. My hearty endorsement goes to the self-supporting or those whom necessity compels to go out into the business world, but I am thoroughly opposed to the pin money women who are responsible for pin money wages paid to full time workers . . . .

LOUIS ROLAND.

Al Smith Comes Back

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SIR—Your editorial, "The Come-Back of Al Smith," is timely and adequately describes Smith's temporary return to the limelight of politics. Though the Wigwam has slighted and ignored Smith's ideals of the "New Tammany," nevertheless, multitudes of people will conjure the name of Alfred E. Smith with that of Governors Grover Cleveland of New York and Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey.

The spirit for a non-corrupt government and a desire to serve in the public interests, will manifest itself once again when the Wigwam will renounce the "old Tammany" and embrace the "new" in the illustrious personage of Alfred E. Smith.

SALVATORE T. VITALE.

President Hayes as Book Agent

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Rome, Ga.*

SIR—C. G. Buxton in "In Praise of Book Agents," October 22, says, "ex-President Hayes footed it all over southern Ohio selling Baxter's *Lives of the Saints.*"

Richard Baxter wrote *The Saints' Rest* about 1660 and all good Protestant homes were expected to have copies two hundred years later. There may be lots of Lives of the Saints, but somehow the combination of Hayes and the name of the book which Catholic children get at Christmas doesn't seem natural. Wasn't he probably future President instead of ex- when he was a book agent? College book agents are all right, and I invite one of them to sell me a Life of Hayes containing his line of book sales.

JOHN L. HARRIS.

On Voting Wet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.*

SIR—When the Anti-Saloon League endorses candidates simply because they are dry and in spite of their records in other respects, I am disgusted with the Anti-Saloon League.

Nor am I less so with the Outlook when it urges its readers to vote wet without any consideration of other issues involved. Were I a resident of Pennsylvania I should vote for Pinchot, not because he is a dry but because he is fearless and independent and an exponent of good government. Nor am I merely arguing for I have voted for Al Smith twice and am proud of it.

STANLEY U. NORTH.

Sincere Drys

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Waterbury, Conn.*

SIR—I am one of the many who deeply regret the fact that the Outlook and Independent, once open-minded and independent journals, have been consolidated into what is in effect, if not in announced policy, an organ of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. I am also one of a group of persons who have maintained a neutral and open-minded attitude on this whole question, which attitude of mind places us in a rather embarrassing minority situation.

There are some really valid arguments against prohibition, but the spokesmen of the wet interests do not appear to have happened upon them yet.

There are also some perfectly valid objections to many of the wet arguments, but these have been so unconvincingly stated in the main as to have had the effect of aiding the enemy.

It is, however, curious to find your paper so full of glee because a dry leader recognizes the sincerity of some of the wets. In all my acquaintance with the dry side of the case I have never known it to be questioned excepting by some rare and highly emotional individual in the heat of controversy.

But, may I ask, in what respect can the disposition of an occasional dry to question the sincerity of his opponents be considered any more ill-mannered or unfair than the habit, on the part of many wets, of questioning the intelligence of those who disagree with them? To be a fanatical dry is surely as unfortunate as to be an insincere wet. And I believe I have heard drys referred to as hypocrites occasionally.

Now that a dry has confessed in so many words that there are sincere wets, might it not be a gracious gesture for some wet to make a similar concession in the case of his foes?

K. KINGSTON.

Lead Kindly Light

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—In a recent issue of the Outlook I drew attention to the well-known fact that a hundred years ago "drinking" was not deemed a sin by American Christians and their pastors, remarking that had they felt the necessity of adducing scriptural evidence for their views they could have found it in abundance, and cited the instance of the marriage feast where Jesus is reported to have converted six jars of water into excellent wine. I received the following letter from Wilmington, Delaware. I suppress the writer's name, but see no reason to suppose that he would not be gratified to have the readers of the Outlook profit by some of his reflections.

"As I read your editorial in the Outlook, I feel I must defend Christ and his word. It is beyond me why some people blaspheme Christ and try to make an evil meaning out of his Holy Book. Yes, I know they called Christ a wine-bibber and lots of other vile names when he trod the earth, but that did not make him one. Even the devil quoted scripture so. And for a person that does not believe in the Bible and has never been converted to a real Christian life to use the Bible to argue it puts them in a queer position . . . . Well, there is a judgment day coming and woe to them that are found wanting. Their booze, money, gambling dens, surplus wives, big, rich cathedrals and churches, or any earthly king or priest will not save them. Booze will not ease their tortured souls or stomachs then and won't it be grand to watch the tortures in hell of the ones you and the Outlook and others are seeking to lead there just to make a little money and satisfy the craving for drink. I don't doubt in the least that if Christ came back today to live here that the wet Roman crowd and their jellyfish Protestant helpers and some bootlegging Jews would murder him again."

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

[*Editors' Note*—The above communication is printed in interesting contrast to Mr. Kingston's fair-minded letter. We note with amazement that Dr. Robinson's correspondent describes himself as a defender of Christ.]

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